WEEK ENDING JAN. 2 1926

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Calendar 1926

JANUARY

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JAN. 2, 1926.

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

A TRAGEDY OF MIXED MARRIAGE—*An Editorial*

In the town of White Plains, New York, an hour's ride from New York City, with the courthouse as its stage, has been enacted a tremendous and gripping drama. Leonard Kip Rhinelander, twenty-two-year-old scion of a proud family, sought legally to rid himself of his colored wife, Alice Beatrice Jones Rhinelander, herself the offspring of a marriage of miscegenation. This word is defined as marriage between races and especially in America between the white and colored races.

And this Greek tragedy has been reviewed day by day for the public by many newspapers as merely a bedroom farce, a smutty comedy in which the "objectionable lines" were stressed by hinting instead of printing. Such newspapers sense neither the drama nor the news.

For ages men have looked with abhorrence on miscegenation. In this country the repugnance toward intermarriage of races has been most pronounced. Before and after the Civil War the feeling was growing and continued to grow as the causes continued to multiply. Hence the Jim Crow laws of the South.

People don't frown so ominously upon miscegenation where it occurs without benefit of clergy. The reasons that mixed marriages are more abhorred than illicit connections are two, in chief: First, marriage is an open defiance, a rebellion against the age-old human law that forbids miscegenation; second, marriage is more likely to produce children and mix the races forever.

Intermarriage of white and colored races and, to a greater extent, interbreeding without marriage, has been going on in this country for years. That fact is evidenced by the large number of colored people as compared to those of unmixed Ethiopian blood. These practices do not ordinarily become matters of strong public concern and therefore of first-page value to the newspapers. Not that they are not a part of the great drama, but because those who play the leading roles are not, for reasons that may be ill-founded, sufficiently important members of our social structure. But the case of Rhinelander *versus* Rhinelander has furnished all the elements needed to arouse widespread interest.

This affair which resulted in the marriage of a man who bears a name which has been on the Social Register for years to the near-illiterate daughter of a mulatto cab driver has epitomized all the tragedies of miscegenation. It has revealed to the hitherto unconcerned and unseeing the tragic possibilities in a problem never solved and perhaps—who can say?—unsolvable.

When this ill-assorted pair stood and murmured the vows that bound them together by ties that only death or the courts could break, they changed a low burlesque skit into the Great American Drama. Yet as the tragic figures reeled across our stage of life they were followed by echoing ribald jests. No comedy is here. No cause for mirth, no chuckling *sotto voce* remarks that build their humor on a sorry pun, but only tragedy, naked and quivering, terrible for all the world to see.

The terrible drama of miscegenation!

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Facts About Prohibition—Not Propaganda

IT HAS been six years since prohibition legally reduced the United States to an alcoholic Sahara. But is the nation really dry?

The prohibitionists and the various organizations opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment are in hopeless disagreement. So, in an effort to learn the truth about prohibition *as it is*, Liberty recently asked its correspondents in ninety cities to describe the dry law's practical operations.

These correspondents are trained newspaper men. They live in the communities and in the midst of the conditions they tell about. Their combined description of the effect which prohibition has had upon the United States makes a document of absorbing interest.

The first of three articles, in which their reports are epitomized, will appear in Liberty's next issue.

In the same issue CHARLES H. MARKHAM, president of the Illinois Central railroad system, writes of TRANSPORTATION, TODAY AND TOMORROW; there's a sparkling short story by JAMES WARNER BELLAH, called I, GEOFFREY ANSTRUTHER, and PAUL KINKEAD tells of a New York millionaire's son's amazing achievements in the world of JAZZ.

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It would surprise you to learn how often the druggist is called upon to remedy minor ills. Seldom, if ever, is he paid for this service.

YOUR DRUGGIST

can't afford to cut the price of this shampoo

YOUR friend, the druggist, gives away his service, his advice, and all the thousand-and-one conveniences of his store. In addition to all this, some people expect him to "give away" the goods on his shelves.

The Wildroot Company feels that the druggist hasn't been given a square deal. And so Wildroot has put out a cocoanut-oil shampoo—as fine and as pure as anything of its kind, and actually a bigger value than you have ever been able to get—to sell at the fair price of 50c for the large-size bottle and 25c for the medium size. Out of this price the druggist makes an honest profit—nothing more.

Wildroot stands squarely behind the druggist on the proposition that Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo shall be sold for either 50c or 25c; *and not a cent less.* Let's play fair with the druggist!

WILDROOT COMPANY, INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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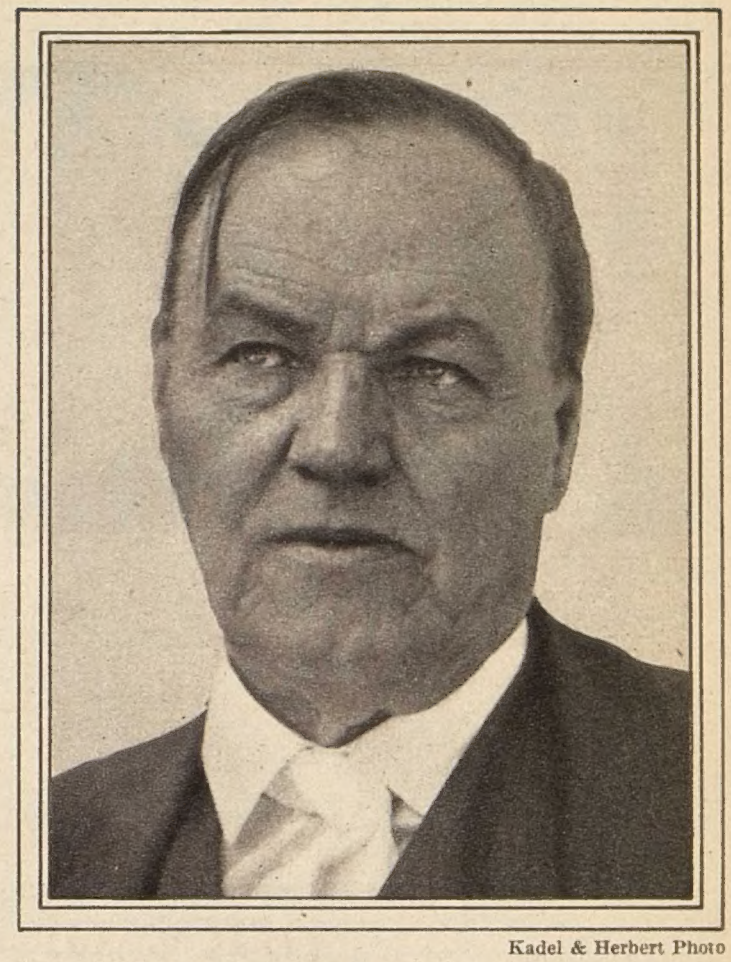
P. & A. Photo

Bernhardt's nose, says Dr. Edgar C. Beall, indicated energy, independence, nervousness, and ego.

Your Face *IS Your* Fortune



Kadel & Herbert Photo

Clarence Darrow, the famous trial lawyer. His forehead signifies the acme of mental strength.

Science Has Discovered That Your Mirror Will Point the Way to Your Success; Here's the Key to What a Looking-glass Will Tell You

By ARTHUR ROBINSON

YOUR face is your fortune—but how rich are you? And what do you know about your fortune?

Figures do not lie. Neither do faces!

Have you a successful face? Will you be successful?

Is there, actually, such a thing as a successful face—and is there a test scientifically established by which you may determine in which respects you are superior or inferior to the standard?

Dr. Edgar C. Beall, head of the New York Institute of Phrenophysics, has made a lifelong study of human faces and characteristics. In a career that began more than fifty years ago he has given personal phrenophysical readings to such celebrities as Robert Ingersoll, Mark Twain, General Grant, Charles Dana, Oscar Hammerstein, Senator Thomas Platt, William Dean Howells, Jan Ignace Paderewski, Sarah Bernhardt, Robert Bruce Mantell, James Whitcomb Riley, Theda Bara, Alton B. Parker, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Gen. Lew Wallace, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, Theodosia Garrison, Dwight L. Moody, Susan B. Anthony, Walter Damrosch, Elbert Hubbard, John Burroughs, Henry Clews, Lillian Russell, Jan Kubelik, and countless others.

But by what authority does Doctor Beall speak? Is phrenology circus sideshow stuff, or is it genuinely scientific?

Have no fear. It is authentic. It is no mere coincidence that George Washington, Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, and Marshal Foch all have a similar cast of countenance. General Pershing's nose is strong and thick, though of a somewhat different type, but his chin is a sheer sensation. It was natural, inevitable, that he should show the qualities he did. And did not Von Hindenburg, with his bulldog face and neck, fight like one during the war?

This science of reading the human face is an old one. Human beings generally have an inherent perception of character. We are, John Bryce Adams, another noted phrenologist, says, always weighing each other's worth, fitness, and condition. Indeed, we are never free from the necessity of forming such judgment; and, to be sure of accuracy, it would seem to behoove us first to come to a thorough understanding of ourselves.

Do we do this? We do not.

It is true that we sometimes stare accusatively into our mirrors; but read ourselves, with any accuracy or detachment, we do not. We do not know how. Our mental vision is clouded with prejudice. We suffer, in these moods of examination, from delusions of grandeur and self-justification. Melancholy, enthusiasm—the emotions generally—prevent accuracy.

But we *can* read ourselves. By certain phrenophysical signs we *can* judge ourselves with the same cool detachment with which we step on a scale to weigh ourselves.

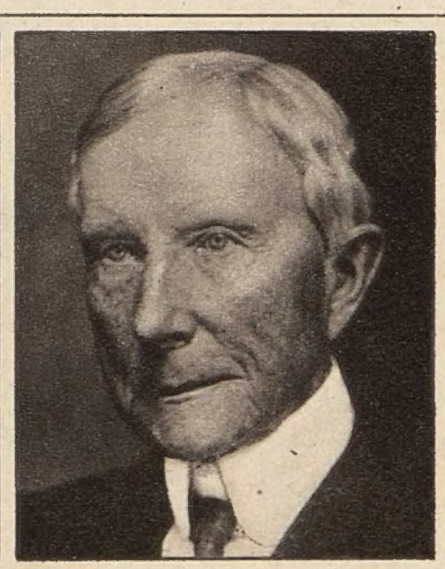
"In this country," said Doctor Beall, "phrenology and physiognomy have been widely represented to the public as strange and occult methods of character reading; and, as most American phrenologists have been illiterate charlatans, the whole science has suffered incalculable harm."

But the science was practiced by the ancients. The word "stiff-necked" appears in the Bible as indicating obstinacy; and modern phrenophysics regards this as an almost infallible sign of obstinacy. General Grant and Woodrow Wilson, for instance, were stiff and unbending

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. Photo

Marshal Foch, whose cast of countenance is like that of Julius Cæsar.



P. & A. Photo

John D. Rockefeller's sharp, foxlike nose indicates great acquisitiveness.

Int. Photo

Gen. John J. Pershing's leadership was presaged by his strong, thick nose.

P. & A. Photo

Charlie Chaplin has a poetic forehead—possibly the most beautiful in the world.

P. & A. Photo

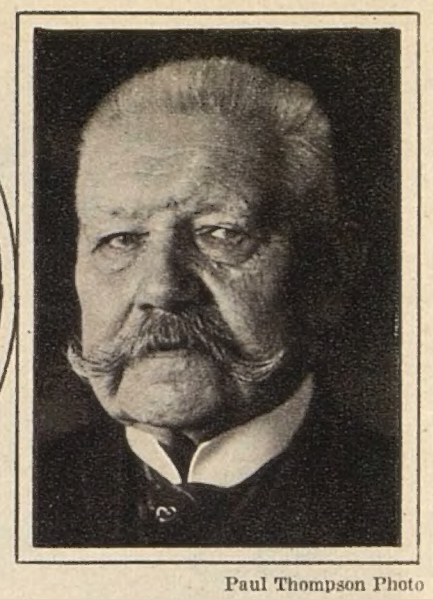
Benito Mussolini's broad forehead shows a broad and persevering brain.

P. & A. Photo

Charles Schwab's vast courage and great energy are indicated by his nose.

Int. Photo

Mary Pickford, whose face portrays great personal force of character.



Paul Thompson Photo

Von Hindenburg, who fought as his bulldog face indicated he would.

[YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE
Continued from Page Five]

and obstinate. And is this not also true, in a measure, of President Coolidge?

The fact is that the science of phrenophysics has simply codified *known* human characteristics to *known* physical peculiarities. What you do instinctively and amateurishly when you size up a person on sight Doctor Beall does coldly, scientifically. He has the catalogued observations of ages at his disposal.

SO to him, among others, I went with the question:

"Have You a Successful Face?"

Doctor Beall finds, after endless research, that the chief element of success is not intelligence but energy, and that the amount of money accumulated by a man or woman corresponds to the amount of his or her vital force and enthusiasm.

"Energy," he said, "will carry a man further than intelligence. Some men of colossal energy can hardly read or write."

Now go to your mirror and compare the distance between (1) that point where your hair begins on your forehead down to the upper end of your nose; (2) from the upper end of your nose down to the tip, and (3) the rest of your face, from the lower end of your nose down to the bottom of your chin. These constitute the three "thirds." If you have good distribution and symmetrical balance you have good judgment and even character.

Then examine the three zones of significance—the forehead for intelligence, the nose and chin for forcefulness or energy, and the mouth, eyes, and upper forehead for humanness—tact, sympathy, etc.

Human beings, Doctor Beall has found, are much like animals. Narrow-headed animals, like the gazelle, giraffe, and greyhound, are gentle. The cat tribe of animal, like the lion, with its wide forehead, is aggressive, forceful, vicious. The wide-headed bulldog, compared with the greyhound, provides a significant study in contrast.

What animal are *you* like? Is there anything of the cow or mule about you, the tiger or the fox, the monkey or the gorilla, etc.? If you believe in the evolution of man from some lower form of animal you will find your animal affinity or prototype somewhere.

Consider, now, your three zones of significance, taking, first, your forehead.

If it is broad your brain is broad, and if the lower third of your face is prominent and your jaws also broad, then you have creative ability, imagination, acquisitiveness, secretiveness, executive ability, perseverance, originality. A broad forehead emphasizes the brows, causes them to move forward and brings about the deep-set eye. An excellent illustration is Mussolini, the Italian dictator.

If the middle and upper areas of the forehead are full or prominent you are of a reflective nature. This denotes powerful reasoning faculties and good judgment, if the features, face and head, generally, are wider than the average.

The lower region of the forehead, if full and prominent, signifies perception, individuality, assertiveness, energy, self-reliance, initiative, executive ability. If lacking in development, the significance is physical and mechanical. And this, you will notice, says Doctor Beall, is conspicuously true of Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth. Their brows are low; the bottom third is undeveloped. Is this true, also, of you?

The central region of the forehead, independently regarded, has to do with judgment, mirth, comparison, and wit. When flat and low the physical, rather than the mental, nature is predominant.

The upper region of the forehead is the seat of memory and benevolence. If well developed it denotes high idealism, sympathy, reliability, conscientiousness, agreeableness, and studiousness, and, therefore, literature, music, and art.

The top of the head, if well developed, signifies a gentle disposition. If extremely prominent meekness is denoted. The upper, rear part of the head, if prominent, reflects conceit, narrow-mindedness, love of approbation, firmness and selfishness. If not prominent the opposite qualities are present.

The central third of the rear part of the head, if well developed, reveals love of home—an old-fashioned nature, reliable and easily pleased. The lowest section of the head, in the rear, reflects amativeness, love of children, and combativeness, when well developed. When underdeveloped the opposite is true.

But put three of your fingers on the side of your forehead, from where the hair begins down to a line on the level with your eye. This is the great seat of ideality, reason, concentration, constructiveness, oratory, imagery and ideas. This is called the anterior lateral district, and if prominent denotes the ability which is found in inventors, composers, designers, architects, scientists. And when this section is pronounced, together with the lower third of the forehead, and the forehead is fairly high, the acme of mental strength, according to Adams, is signified. Fame awaits you if you measure up to these specifications. Clarence Darrow, noted lawyer, does.

THE central section of the face, directly below the top of the head, when pronounced in the profile, implies acquisitiveness, secretiveness, destructiveness, willfulness, muscular power, and a propensity for the accumulation of wealth. When well developed courage, too, is denoted.

The area above and behind the ears is the power center of the brain. When this section is small the ears are located closer to the rear of the head. This indicates large mental capacity but an absence of muscular strength. You find this very often in scholars.

But one feature alone, as Adams says, cannot establish a trait, so you must consider

A good distribution of the three facial thirds shows good judgment.

A narrow head such as this indicates that its owner is a gentle being.

A wide head, such as is shown here, indicates a forceful character.

The anterior lateral district, if prominent, denotes great ability.

Pronounced central section of the face means propensity for riches.

Average face: short nose and forehead, unobtrusive chin, eyes close set.

them all and then strike what may be a happy medium.

A satisfactory nose should measure about one third the length of your face—that is, one third the distance from your chin to the top of your forehead. It should be well-formed and distinct in outline. If it is thin and short you have, Doctor Beall says, the nose of the average person.

If you combine a nose of that sort with a head of moderate size, whose chin is unobtrusive, whose forehead is medium in height and breadth, and whose eyes are near together, then you have the average face. Persons who possess average faces have, of course, only ordinary mental power, an inferior talent for making money, moderate firmness, and an insignificant talent for the arts.

IT is perhaps most interesting and revealing, for the purposes of personal comparison, to consider the faces of well-known people who have achieved success in various fields of activity, as well as certain other recognizable types encountered universally in everyday life.

As Dr. Holmes W. Merton, head of the Merton Institute, told me, the face is the organ of expression of specific qualities—one hundred and eight of them, all told—each one indicating a separate trait or capacity. In reading your own face you should consider the sum total of outstanding "specifics" and then compare them with the outline of the average person as drawn by Doctor Beall.

Incidentally, I have some bad news for beautiful people and good news for those of us who never will win a beauty contest. So far as marked success in any special line of endeavor is concerned, beauty is a handicap.

"This," said Doctor Merton, "is an age of specialization; and by the specifics in one's face, properly considered, one may determine upon the vocation where the greatest measure of success lies. There is too much harmony of the 'specifics' for such a purpose in a beautiful person."

P. & A. Photo

Douglas Fairbanks' face, like Mary Pickford's, shows abounding personal force.

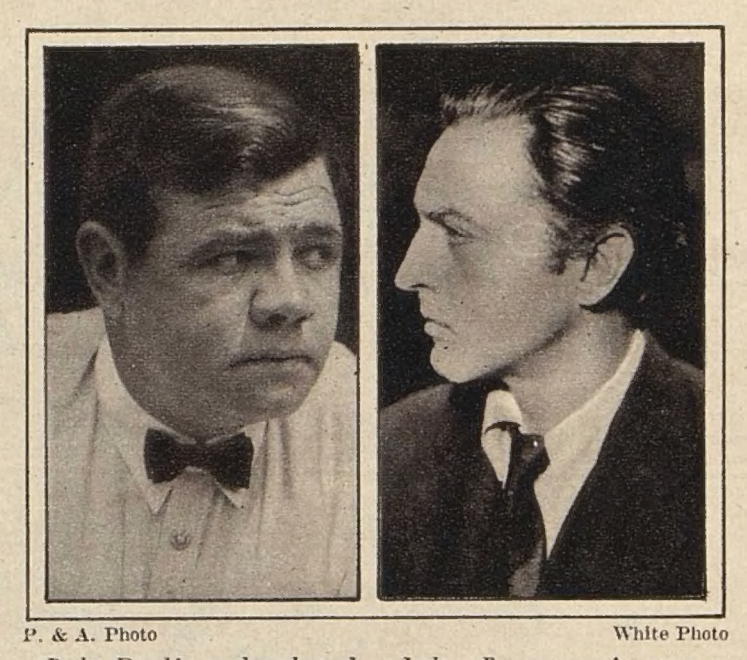
This, seemingly, explains why the truly beautiful chorus girl never attains to the heights of the comedienne or dramatic actress. It also accounts, apparently, for the expression, "beautiful but dumb."

"Notice the striking similarity," Doctor Beall said, "between the faces of Sarah Bernhardt and John Barrymore. In their noses you find energy, independence, austerity, assertiveness, nervousness, and ego; in the eyes and upper forehead love of human nature; on the side of the forehead great imagination."

President Coolidge is also a good model for comparison. He has the nose of the individualist.

"One fact often brought out about the President," said Doctor Merton, "is his silence and general reserve. But another characteristic—often observed in men who succeed in politics—is disclosed by his nose. It is that of the individualist—the man who plays the game alone. His protection lies in extreme caution, as shown in the fullness over the cheekbones. His nose is the nose of the investigator. The downward hanging septum is the sign of his analytical ability. In addition to this, the contours of his forehead show an enormous factual memory. His mind is a storehouse of data of all sorts. This, undoubtedly, has been one of his most valuable characteristics. In my opinion, he is not a natural executive."

Doctor Merton, since his fourteenth birthday when he was a celebrated "boy prodigy," has examined thirty-five thousand people and made complete studies of both successful and unsuccessful types of lawyers, mechanics, preachers, doctors, executives, farmers, salesmen, etc. He says the predominating "specifics" in all successful lawyers are astonishingly similar and



P. & A. Photo — *Babe Ruth's undeveloped lower forehead indicates lack of perception.*

White Photo — *John Barrymore's nose, like Sarah Bernhardt's, shows energy and ego.*

that the mediocre or unsuccessful lawyers resemble each other a great deal, too.

Thus, if you are a salesman or a stenographer, study the faces of successful and unsuccessful salesmen and stenographers to find out which you resemble most. But, of course, an operation by a beauty expert will not help you cover whatever shortcomings you may discover in yourself.

ONE of the most distinctive-looking men of the age is John D. Rockefeller, according to Doctor Beall, who has studied the retired capitalist with interest for many years.

"I say this with due respect for Mr. Rockefeller," said Doctor Beall, "but in him the animal parallel is vividly drawn. Perhaps you have noticed that newspaper photographers seldom are able to take a picture of his profile. The reason for this is that his nose sticks out surprisingly far and makes him look very much like a fox. It is a very sharp nose and indicates tremendous acquisitiveness. Against this he has a large, well-balanced brain, and the length of his thumbs, indicating will power, is the greatest I have ever seen since those of Richard Croker, the old Tammany Hall political boss."

Charles Schwab, on the other hand, is wealthy by reason of his sense of the psychological. He has an attractive personality, enormous will power, as denoted by the top of his head, and vast courage and energy in his nose, which is strong and rather thick.

"The late William Jennings Bryan," said Doctor Beall, "had the balloon type of upper head, indicating imperfection and inaccuracy in scientific matters. This is again indicated in the depression in the lower part of the forehead. As against this, study the face of Charles Darwin or Thomas Edison, and you find the exact opposite."

Charlie Chaplin, Doctor Beall finds, has a poetic forehead—possibly the most beautiful in the world. His upper temples are wide—his forehead generally is wide—and for this reason wit, music, imitativeness, and ideality abound in the degree usually found in genius.

No such conspicuous qualities, on the other hand, are found in Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks. Both, however, possess unusual personal force and energy and, as in Mr. Rockefeller and "Boss" Croker, the thumbs indicate unusual will.

The late Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, one of the great inventive and scientific figures in modern history, had a "pug" or retrousse nose. As a rule this indicates shyness and timidity, optimism, good nature, curiosity, thrift, emotion, sarcasm, and impulsiveness. It also indicates a lack of forcibleness. Doctor Steinmetz possessed qualities or "specifics" which predominated in his chosen field and offset his comparatively weak nose.

Elsie Janis, the actress, shows unusual personal energy in her nose, and, unlike the average person, her eyes are rather far apart. The top of her head, like that of Mary Pickford, shows assertiveness and will power.

"RED" GRANGE, the football player, is a very unusual young man, and some of his qualities as a genius of the gridiron are reflected by his red hair, concerning which Adams says:

"It expresses the choleric, sensitive, aggressive, excitable nature; nervous and flushing at every unexpected movement; quick, uncontrolled temper, perception, and vivacity. Of course, muscular strength is evidenced. Less pronouncement of aggressive and malicious traits is evidenced in auburn, brown, and yellow hair."

So much for folk whose pictures are often found in the photogravure supplements of the newspapers. The wife of the man who owns the delicatessen store where I get my truffles and cheese always has interested me. In all my wanderings I had never seen anyone so massively inscrutable. Always she wore the same blank expression. Never did her eyes twinkle or the muscles of her face relax. She sliced the cheese in the same manner in which she talked to her husband or to me. She wasted no time with either her husband, the cheese, or me. She interested me tremendously. There was an air of electric mystery about her.

P. & A. Photo

Jack Dempsey, whose low brow, like Ruth's, indicates lack of individuality.

There is no longer. When I go to that delicatessen store now I go for truffles and cheese, and nothing else. Romance has flown out of that shop through the holes in the Swiss cheese. Instead of feasting my eyes on the woman who was so fascinatingly inscrutable I now watch the scales. I should have done that from the start. The top of her head is low above the ears and narrow between them.

"A head of this kind," says Adams, "is found only in the extreme lower classes of society and among criminals."

Still, and all, that lady has a successful face.

It is the face of a successful truffles saleslady and Swiss cheese swordswoman.

THE END

A Two-Part Story of a Masked Murderer, a Blue-Eyed Girl, and a Master Mind That Tried One Trick Too Many

The DEVIL'S

By GEORGE

Pictures by

PART ONE

ON THE night of the 8th of January, at the height of the season, came the second of the three murders of the Man with the Mole, so called; and for a second time a shadow of fear fell upon the amusement hunters of the city night, upon the patrons of the more extravagant dining clubs which lie above the theatrical district, and especially, of course, upon the women with costly jewels.

From the beginning, the operations of this unknown criminal marked him out from the others of his kind who roamed the night in evening clothes, stalking and robbing women of their gems.

In the first place, he was the boldest and most successful in his work; in the second, he always traveled alone; and in the third, he used—to convert the general uniform of dinner clothes into a complete disguise—not the common expedient of a handkerchief tied below the eyes, but a small black mask. And beneath this, on the left hand cheek, showed very clearly the large brown mole from which the newspapers had given him his name and which had made him now such a fantastic and sinister symbol for laughter and for fear in the current life of the big town.

This mark was the one thing which, without exception, his victims remembered clearly in describing him.

Yet, curiously enough, no one marked in this obvious way had ever been seen entering, leaving, or loitering about the premises where the crimes took place. And, when the first murder had come, the police were entirely in the air over the case.

Before this time there had been something ridiculous and grotesque about the man's work. His tools themselves were fantastic—an automatic pistol, a bottle of chloroform, and several rolls of adhesive tape, such as electricians use. The persons robbed by him were, as often as not, a woman and her escort whose friendship was not to be advertised without at least a smile; and when the two were found in the morning, bound hand and foot with sticky tape, sitting like swathed mummies in opposing chairs, the spectacle caused more amusement than concern, except among those who might be similarly situated.

But when, in the last of December, one of the women who had been trapped, robbed, bound, and left chloroformed in her apartment pitched forward unconscious upon a couch, as helpless as a French doll, and was found next morning smothered in her own finery, the thing was not so amusing.

For the police were now ridiculously and uselessly at sea—the bitter laughingstock of the community. Robberies, holdups, and murders had increased by leaps and bounds since the war; the public was sick, frightened, and disgusted. And there was a general bawl of angry laughter when again no trace was found of the man with this conspicuous mark upon his face, who had once more been identified by it—this time by the dead girl's Negro maid, who had been gagged and bound in a chair opposite the victim and, of course, chloroformed—with that extra measure of precaution which marked this criminal's work.

Again nothing was accomplished by the police; the best they could hope, apparently, was that the murderer with his marked face must now certainly stop his operations in New York.

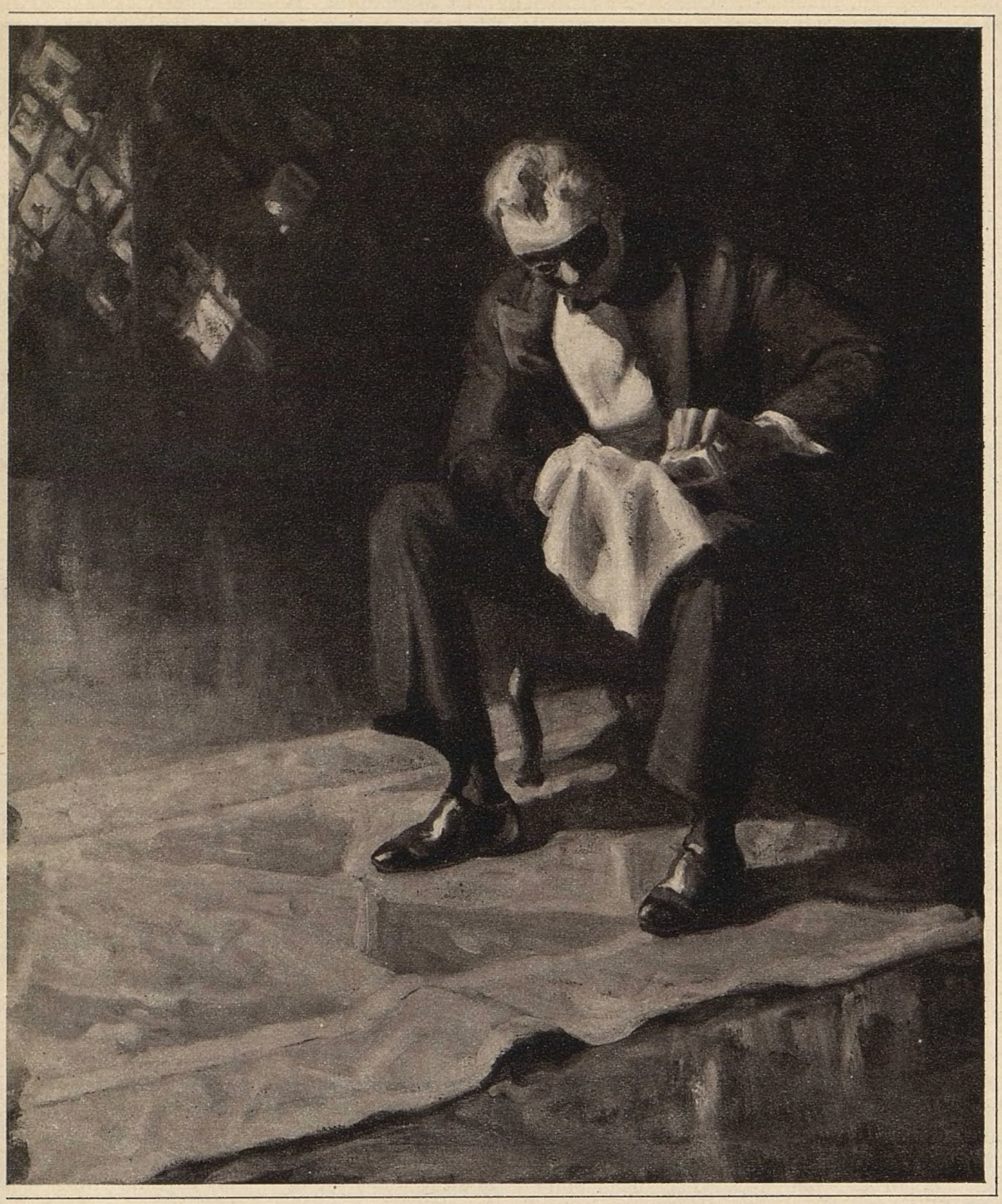
Instead, on the 9th of January, high, inky headlines in the papers announced:

CHLOROFORMED TO DEATH

VICTIM NUMBER TWO OF THE MAN WITH THE MOLE

Dainty Dancer Robbed and Bound and Smothered with Drug—Escort, Bound and Gagged, Identifies Eccentric and Fantastic Murder Monster.

Laughter of any kind was now superseded by a general and highly stimulated thrill of fear. An habitual killer was at large, it seemed—a



THE unfortunate man, gagged and motionless, had evidently been the witness of the killing of his daughter by the administration of an overdose of chloroform.

ADVOCATE

KIBBE TURNER

DONALD TEAGUE

thing which happens only once or twice in a decade. The newspapers, with every ingenuity that morbid fancy could suggest, inflated and distorted his unseen figure into a fantastic terror, and played upon every shade of fear with this solitary hunter of women who, apparently, could be neither seen nor caught.

On the evening following the second killing, Henry Mendast, the famous criminal lawyer, was dining in The Envoys, that last word in the luxurious and exclusive dining clubs of the city. No figure in the variegated night life of the town was more suggestive of the hidden powers and intrigues which moved the fortunes and the inner history of the city than this hard-eyed, polished, urbane man.

In every great city today there is one figure who stands at the head of those lawyers who, by their knowledge of the loopholes in the law and the almost incredible machinations which center about our courts, make it their business to get notorious criminals free—devil's advocates, created by the law's assumption that every man is entitled to defense.

And, in all New York City, Henry Mendast's name stood out by itself as the head, the devil's advocate of last resort, who, for almost unbelievable fees, was busy day and night freeing great and desperate criminals of all types—from the heads of corporations down—from the apparently unescapable punishment for their acts.

With him on this evening were two others. The first was his daughter, Rosemary, a girl of about twenty, his one close living relative, of whom he was said to be excessively fond. Fair, blue-eyed, a little shy—just back, in fact, from several years of education in convents in this country and abroad—she formed an odd and attractive contrast to her dark, brusque, and harshly humorous father, who watched with his quick hawk's eye, as he talked or listened, the figures and movements of the softly brilliant scene to which, this year for the first time, he was introducing her.

The third member of the party was a Dr. Hugo Blackwell, a young expert in the new science of the treatment of abnormal minds—and especially the criminal insane—just back from additional studies along that line in Vienna, with whom the daughter had become acquainted while abroad. Henry Mendast had wanted to meet him and look him over—not only because of his daughter's evident interest in the man, but also because of the interest he offered to himself, along the lines where this new knowledge of the workings of the human mind was to cross the practice of criminal law. And the conversation touched immediately, of course, on the subject which was on the lips of all the rest that evening—the operations and the identity of the Man with the Mole.

"THEN you don't think, with the newspapers, that he is a monster," said Henry Mendast, drawing the doctor along in the bantering way of the court lawyer.

"I do and I don't," said the big, blond, serious-looking young specialist, with the usual guarded explicitness of the expert.

"Do you believe he is insane?"

"No. More probably subnormal—like all habitual criminals. But the result, as I started to say, will be the same—repetition of his crime. For, habitual criminals, like savages and animals, tend to repeat their acts—to be what may be called repeaters in crime. You know that. A great share of the detective work of today is based upon the knowledge that each criminal repeats his act in much the same way. So they can be recognized and even be predicted in advance."

"Absolutely," said the lawyer, with a sharp, positive nod.

"And then, of course, there is vanity, a certain childish vanity, which drives the criminal farther and farther along his line—especially when he has acquired some notoriety, a reputation for his work, like this man," said the big ruddy man with the high-arched nose and the sandy beard, cut close, in what seems to an American the affectation of the Continental professional style.

"And yet, they are shrewd and cunning—men like this—aren't they?" asked the young girl.

"They seem to be—like savages or animals even—in their own field," said the expert. "Your supercriminal of the newspapers is really a supersavage in a new setting. A mind that knows one thing, thinks one thing, concentrates all his mental energies on one thing—the fulfillment of his immediate personal desires. And has the great city as his jungle and hiding place; and the automobile, the telephone, the automatic pistol, the use of modern drugs, as tools for the savage's ferocity and cunning. And his hunting grounds, just such places as this!"

"Strange, isn't it?" the girl wondered softly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE
Continued from Page Nine]

looking around the great, luxurious, guarded room, with its lights and silver and music and the glittering ornaments and the soft white flesh of women. "A place like this!"

"Not at all," said the positive expert. "The criminal's life centers always around places of amusement of some kind. It is not hunger or want or misery that creates criminals—contrary to the old story-book theory. It is pleasure and idleness and greed, at work on infirm and deficient minds. You know that," he said to the lawyer.

"Without a question.

"And the natural prey," the other added, with a blunt man's unskillful humor, "is the modern woman—the most helpless, artificial living creature in the world today. Bred and carefully protected, in ignorance of all the actual conditions in life, as playthings in surroundings like this, where your friend, the Man with the Mole, stalks them at his leisure—no doubt dances with them."

A SUDDEN jarring blast of the orchestra—the cry of the mad ape which always lurks behind the jazz—struck across his sentence. A shudder shook the sensitive white body of the young girl.

"What's happened now?" inquired the caustic voice of her father, always quickly watchful and attentive to this one creature in the world that was really his.

"I can't get rid of the idea that he is here!" she answered, looking back across her shoulder. "That murderer! Like—like your savage in his jungle, looking his next victim over."

"Cheer up. He won't be trailing you for your jewels—not before your birthday, anyhow," her father reassured her, playing again, with his usual mocking smile, on that joke they had between them—about that pearl necklace which he had been threatening to buy her on her approaching birthday, as the only piece of jewelry, she had told him, laughing, that she would feel that she could wear, after seeing the displays of the other women in the scenes to which he introduced her.

"And I shall be interested to see," said Henry Mendast, deciding that they had better go and saying good-night to the specialist in his hard, polished way, "just how your theories and predictions work out in this case."

"I may have something more definite to report on it at our next meeting," young Doctor Blackwell told them. "I have been asked to make a special study of this case, along my lines, for the police."

"Fine. By all means. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of our fair city—and those headless horsemen, those sublimated truck drivers, the guardians of its peace!" said Henry Mendast, adding his voice to the general chorus of jeers at his habitual opponents, the police.

"And, meanwhile, don't get this monster stalking you while you think that you are stalking him," Rosemary Mendast was cautioning the young doctor, looking up.

"No danger—with its eyes set on its own game," said the young doctor, looking down.

The quick eye of Henry Mendast did not miss the glance which passed between them—with the continually growing jealousy he had of the younger man, the ever sharpening fear of the older man that he faced in him a losing fight against human nature for the retention of the one living thing on earth that he loved.

It was the sense of this that made him throw out to his daughter a mild jeer at his rival as they rode home together in the privacy of their limousine.

"A new theory every minute," he said. "It's too bad, too—all that talk tonight. I'm sorry—for your sake!"

"Why?" she asked, watching him.

"He's scared you so you can't possibly want those birthday pearls now," he told her. "For fear this murderer of women will get you."

"You try me! You just try me! You wonderful old thing!" she told him, nestling against him with that soft laugh, with its blending of mockery and happiness and admiration, which meant so much to him.

"Then you aren't planning to snatch my jewelry and run off with another man!" he asked her, mockingly.

"Never in this world!" denied his happy daughter, gripping his arm affectionately. But yet not quite convincingly—to Henry Mendast!

It was a week from that night when she came to him in the morning with the paper containing the account of the third murder by the Man with the Mole.

"Oh, dad! Suppose this had been ourselves!"

A father, he read, the head of an old and very rich bond house, had just returned from the opera to his home, in the fashionable residence section just east of lower Central Park, not so far from where they themselves lived, and with him had been his only daughter, a girl of some twenty years, his sole surviving relative, on whom, since the death of his wife, his only interest in life had centered. The daughter was wearing the display of jewels by which, evidently, the attention of the robber had been attracted.

The two had been seated alone for a few minutes in the library, in the second story of the house, before starting for bed, when, at a noise in the doorway, they must have looked up to see this masked figure in evening clothes covering them with a pistol in the manner of the Man with the Mole.

The operations of the next quarter hour must have followed in every detail the unusual formula of that criminal in handling his victims. The broker had apparently been compelled to bind his daughter with the usual electricians' tape, under the gun and the direction of the murderer, after the removal of her costly necklace and lesser jewels. He had then submitted to being bound in his chair himself.

THE unfortunate man, gagged and motionless, had then evidently been the witness of the killing of his daughter, a delicate girl, by the administration of an overdose of chloroform at the hands of a reckless, hurried, unscientific operator. The administering of the anæsthetic to himself had followed, and he was in turn deprived of consciousness, to await discovery in the morning.

But the plan of operation which had been so suitable to small apartments, where all the dwellers had been under control, proved not so successful for its user in the conditions of a larger residence. Before the robbery had been completed, a servant, engaged in closing up the house, had smelled the chloroform and started to investigate, with the result that the murderer, leaving both his spoils and his dead and unconscious victims, had bolted down the stairs and out into the street, pursued by the servant's outcry:

"Murder! Murder! Thief!"

Up to this time the affair had been exactly typical of the work of the Man with the Mole. It had been later, at the end of the chase, that the surprising thing had happened. The pursuit of the fugitive, according to the police, had been immediate. A patrolman had arrived in time to see a man leaping down the front steps of the broker's house, showing the white gleam of evening clothes inside his unbuttoned overcoat. He had ignored his call to stop and had hurried around the next corner—too quick for the heavy officer. And, when the latter had reached the corner, he had only arrived in time to see the running fugitive hail and enter a taxicab and whirl around a second corner into another street.

He had commandeered another automobile, followed and caught up with the fleeing vehicle—and found it entirely empty! The man he was after had jumped out of it, apparently, before his taxi had turned from the first street.

In the meanwhile, said the police, more or less by chance, a second officer, in citizens' clothes, had seen and followed this man, whom he had observed executing that old fugitives' maneuver of dropping from a moving taxi. He saw him dart back and stop in an areaway, then emerge, walk several blocks, and enter the apartment where, having followed him immediately, he had arrested him—in the man's own apartment.

THE police were absolute in their statements that they had the right man for this crime; that he had practically never been out of their sight; that in the areaway where he had stopped they had found a mask and an automatic pistol. The man they held, it seemed, though without criminal record, had been long not above suspicion. A former gambler and a present promoter of amusement enterprises, he was one of those adventurers who suddenly spring up out of the night amusement of the great city, with an apparently unlimited supply of spending money from no very evident source.

All this substantiated the claim of the police that they had caught their man red-handed. But the singular and disappointing turn, from their standpoint, began right there. For, the captive, who, by every action, should have been the one man in the world they would have expected and hoped most to produce, was seen, upon the opening of the door of his gorgeously furnished apartment, to have a face as moleless as the palm of his hand!

"But—but everything he did was just exactly like that terrible beast!" said Henry Mendast's daughter.

She was not the only one to make that obvious comment. And yet, there was the man, his face unmarked by the least suspicion of a mole. And now another curious and disconcerting question was raised by one of the newspapers, which recalled the fact that, in all the previous crimes of the Man with the Mole, the description given by his victims not only did not correspond with one another, but had been often absolutely contradictory. To one he was tall, to another, of medium height; to a third he was light and to a fourth dark and forbidding. A new thrill of wonder and suspense was achieved by this new twist in the mystery. What was this thing—one monster, or two? Or was it several who had appeared—as sometimes happens, through the power of suggestion, in great cities, in one of the so-called epidemics or waves of crime? Or was it, after all, simply another case of blundering by the police?

Henry Mendast, watching it, first from curiosity, then for a personal interest of his own, could see that the explanation of all this was far from simple. In the lower court where the accused man was arraigned he was held without bail, and before the grand jury, to which,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

The Tomato Soup that makes your appetite glow!

What a delicious beginning to your meal! What a refreshing flavor! How eagerly you relish every spoonful—hot, savory and invigorating!

At the very start of the meal it greets you with all the glory and tonic refreshment of red-ripe luscious tomatoes. Just the pure tomato juices and the rich tomato "meat" strained to a smooth and tempting puree.

There is golden butter blended in, and the most delicate of seasoning to make the flavor all the more enticing.

This is Campbell's Tomato—the most popular of soups. Hosts of people like it even better served as a Cream of Tomato. (See directions on the label.)

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

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SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

Distinctive in the fact that it defies social classification.

You find it driven by the very rich and by the moderately well-to-do.

It appears to equal advantage at smart social affairs, or employed in the practical business of every day.

Its refinement naturally attracts fastidious buyers.

Its dependability is valued by those who value their time and whose time has value.

Ask your dealer about Dodge Brothers New Credit-Purchase Plan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

because of the great public clamor, the prisoner was rushed at once, the result was the same. So the police must have a strong case. And this in spite of the fact that their chief witness, the father of the dead girl, had collapsed entirely and had been unable to testify or to make any coherent statement since the crime.

It was the second day after the indictment by the grand jury that Mendast secured the next clew, which so heightened his interest in the case. One of his sources of information—one of the many tipsters and investigators who haunted his office—brought it in to him.

"I've got something new and novel for you—a real puzzle."

"What's that?"

"That broker who saw his daughter chloroformed is talking about the Man with the Mole's doing it."

"Where'd you get that?" asked Henry Mendast, sharply.

"I got to one of the nurses who's on the case."

"Do the police know it?" asked Mendast, his quick mind catching at once what this might mean.

"No. And they won't. Nor anyone else—if the doctors can help it. They claim if he was questioned on the thing now it would kill him."

"Can you get to the nurse again?"

"Sure," said the investigator. "But what's the answer? He can't be two men at once—this murderer—can he? Yet the police swear they've got the right man."

"The police will swear anything," said Mendast; but he told him to get busy and get what the nurses knew—for their own consumption only!

"Oh, they won't talk," said the other man, "to anybody but me. Don't worry."

HENRY MENDAST sat back when he was gone, wondering whether he was right in his sudden guess, whether this so-called monster might be something he would be able to use in his business!

Here, he saw, was one of those great public court spectacles which the French call *causes célèbres*, at which a city or a nation sit and gorge their minds with dark horrors from the huge grand stands of the daily press, like the Roman public at their bloody games, and which afford to great trial lawyers like Mendast the periodical advertising which is as essential to them as to a theatrical star—and which they are always seeking!

Henry Mendast smiled. If they did have the real man there—that thug with the mole—and if he could get the one witness of the scene to say so, what a play he could make with that case if he had it!

It was that very night that it came to him—of its own accord.

"A telephone call for you, sir," said the servant at his home.

Answering it, Henry Mendast heard a thick, agitated, foreign voice, the voice of an old gem merchant, Morris Goldfarb, one of the many strange acquaintances which Henry Mendast had cultivated in the night life of the city, asking him, for the love of God, to let him see him now—at once!

"I don't do business at my house," replied the lawyer, gruffly.

"But nowhere else can I see you, without suspicion—danger!" stammered the tearful, frightened voice upon the telephone, and whispered the object of the visit.

"Come on, then," said the lawyer, and sat and waited until the heavy lurching figure slouched in, breathing hard, looking anxiously backward to the street behind.

HERE was one of the oddest figures in the many strange enterprises which grow up about the life of pleasure in the great city. Heavy, careless, dressed in wrinkled, baggy clothes, and carrying tens, maybe hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of loose diamonds and other precious stones in his pocket like pebbles, the old gem seller was a familiar sight to those who really knew the town as he ambled, with no apparent goal, along Fifth Avenue of afternoons, or in and out the theaters or restaurants in the evening, greeting customers, past or prospective, for his wares.

"He must have you—to take up his defense!" he said, coming to the point at once, without unnecessary ceremony.

"Who?"

"This man that the police now have. This William Schenk who they hold for that last jewelry murder. Will you, for God's sake, take the case?"

"That depends," said Henry Mendast, looking him over with the glance he gave them all—the guilty fools—when they came crying out to be saved from their sins, "on the answers to two questions."

"What—what's them?" the man stammered.

"The first is, isn't he the Man with the Mole?"

The gem dealer looked about the room, choked, and stammered finally, "That—that I cannot answer."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid," he whispered, his eyes still turning about the empty room.

"Afraid—of what?" asked the lawyer.

"Of him. He says he should tell you all himself!"

"Afraid, eh?" said Henry Mendast, finally, having already answer enough to his question.

"And I suppose that's why you're here—because you're afraid of him—that he'll turn you up for handling his stolen stones if you don't save him!" said Henry Mendast, going after him as he did all that kind of cattle—without any false pretenses about what he thought of them!

He admitted practically all he said to him.

"All right," said Henry Mendast. "Now the second question—what about my fee?"

"What should that be?"

He told him.

"My God! Between the two of you, I am ruined altogether!" said the "fence."

"I don't have disputes about my

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

"I CAN'T get rid of the idea that he is here!" she answered, looking back across her shoulder. "That murderer!"

"Two incomes are better than one"

Earning years should be investing years

PLAN for two incomes—one from salary, one from good bonds. Set aside a definite portion of the salary check regularly for bond investment and re-invest the income. Then, when emergencies arise or salary earnings cease, the bond income will be there to fall back upon.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

fees," said the lawyer, starting up to send him away.

"Wait! Wait!" he said, clutching him, begging. "Such cash money I do not have. And to get it now, at this time, would be a danger, a suspicion upon me, with the police already watching—maybe! But I can pay you all, surely. In as good as money!"

"How?"

"By these!" he said, and brought out a wallet of loose diamonds in their tissue paper wrappings.

"I'm no receiver of stolen goods," said Henry Mendast, harshly. But as he said it a new expression, a sudden smile, touched his lips.

"No, no, these are no stolen goods. For each one I give you a good bill of sale!" the crawling creature was swearing.

HENRY MENDAST disregarded him. "Look," he said. "This thief of yours never stole any big pearls, did he?"

"No, no, no!"

The smile in Henry Mendast's eyes deepened—that smile of amusement he had at the coming of a new, daring, especially ingenious trick into his mind. "Have you any of them that will make a necklace about the price of my fee?"

"Sure. Sure. The best for the money in all the city."

"And can you get them strung into a necklace by next Thursday?" asked Henry Mendast, naming the date of his daughter's birthday.

"Sure. Sure. Absolutely."

"All right, do that," said Mendast, with his hard smile. Here was an amusing shot—with both barrels. His daughter got her necklace with the best of them. He got his monster, his Man with the Mole, to defend—the case that it would have been good business for him to have taken without one cent of fee—just for its advertising!

He saw his client, whom he was to defend, the next day, in the morning, going personally to meet him, as the man had requested, in the bare, narrow, barred room where the lawyers meet their clients in the Tombs.

The so-called monster did not look the part to Henry Mendast, at first glance. If this was a monster, the night streets of the town ran full of them. Sallow-skinned, bold-eyed, and still dressed with care, even in this sordid setting, he had, to a remarkable degree, the lawyer saw, that practiced stillness of the criminal's face—that emotionless mask of indifference and wisdom which he assumes for self-defense and to fascinate women and intimidate men.

Henry Mendast's name stood out as the devil's advocate of last resort, who was busy day and night freeing criminals.

But there was nothing intimidating to the lawyer there. He brought his man down to business—to the thing that he was in haste to tell him—at once.

The emotionless one showed emotion now very clearly—the emotion of sharp fear.

"The match box!" he said with barely moving lips, looking about the barred and empty place.

"The match box!" whispered the devil's advocate back, now with a genuine sense of surprise.

"If they get it, they get me!" the prisoner whispered, and went on telling him what it was, where to find it before the police did.

"Just one question more," said the lawyer when he was done. "That old man, the father, he must have noticed your mole?"

"And spoke of it—like they all did!" said the moleless Man with the Mole.

Henry Mendast, hurrying away in his taxicab, almost laughed aloud at the ingenuity and simplicity and daring of the thing—the almost perfect defense, the practical certainty it gave him of freeing this man, provided the police, ransacking the man's apartment, had not found the clew.

They hadn't, of course. There it lay, upon the little smokers' table beside a gaudy armchair by the window—an ordinary box for safety matches—the place of perfect concealment in which he had hidden his strange disguise. He took it up, rattled it, and opened it and looked at its contents, and then closed it again and started home—with the secret and the explanation of the Man with the Mole in his vest pocket!

He used a small black mask. Beneath this, on the left cheek, showed very clearly the large brown mole.

The eyes of the lawyer shone with shrewd amusement—the one genuine enthusiasm of a practicing devil's advocate—the zest and admiration for a good trick, successfully put over.

He was under its influence when he came into his own hall and met his daughter there.

"If I showed you something interesting, would you promise to tell nobody on earth?" he said to her with wrinkled, teasing eyes.

"Yes."

"You see this?" said Henry Mendast, taking the safety match box from his pocket.

"Yes."

"The whole case against this Schenk, charged with that murder, lies in there," he said, rattling it, mystifying her.

"Are you going to defend him?" she asked, watching him.

"More than that—I'm going to save him."

"Then, he must be innocent," she said, still watching him steadily.

"This will prove it—without a question!" said the devil's advocate, avoiding her adroitly.

He thought afterward that he had made a mistake—in his amusement and sense of coming triumph over the thing. He should not have told her! And there was another sense which he had lately that he never had before—a feeling that his girl was questioning, judging him, for the first time in her life. He laid it to that doctor—that Blackwell who had caught her fancy—who was on the police side of the case now and had probably influenced her mind about it. His distaste for the man deepened. He was more than his rival now; he was his enemy. It was about time he put him out of his way—and hers. When just the right time came, he would do so.

It came now without delay—upon the birthday of his daughter and the presentation of her necklace, the shining gift whose getting and giving had afforded Henry Mendast both profit and amusement.

"Murderer's bait—for a fearless woman!" he said, giving it to her with his usual joke, always just a little strong and jarring for a woman's ears.

She received her gift with the excited enthusiasm of a genuinely unspoiled young girl. Yet, even on that day, her father could see it was not in himself, nor in his costly gift, that her chief interest lay, in the sentimental excitement of her anniversary, but in the visit, expected later, of the young specialist, Blackwell.

He said nothing, waiting always for the exact time to strike.

He was in his library in the evening, alone. His man had come, was with his daughter in the living room, the two leaving him to his own resources, in the natural separation of the generations. There was a rustle; he looked up from his reading and saw the two standing, regarding him seriously, in the doorway.

"I want Hugo to tell you, dad, what he has just told me," the girl said to her father.

"Hugo!" thought Henry Mendast, caring little for the stiff old-fashioned name or its intonation on his daughter's lips.

"Why not?" he said aloud, in his hard, humorous voice. "Tell me the worst!"

HIS enemy, the big young specialist, was not entirely at his ease. The girl continued her explanation.

"I told him that you had undertaken the defense of that William Schenk on the charge of murder," she said, hurrying, "and that you would want to know what he found out about him."

"Not that I can give you any actual details about what I have found in my observation of him, you understand," explained her companion.

"Of course not," said the lawyer, watching them from his chair.

"Only, he says the man is guilty," his daughter hurried on excitedly; "and I told him, if he was, you would certainly want to know it before you started to defend him."

"So he's guilty, is he? Your observations have proved it?" said the lawyer, in a dry, hostile voice, caring very little for this new development, this alienating of the respect of the one creature in the world in whom respect of just that kind mattered to him.

The man flushed, sensing the other's feeling, but stood his ground, now the matter was up.

"He is certainly guilty," he said simply.

A quick, mocking smile drew in the wrinkles about the bright, hard eyes of Henry Mendast.

"So you think that, in the circumstances," he said, in an easy, bantering voice, "I ought to be warned not to defend him?"

"It was your daughter who brought the matter up, understand—not I!" said the young man, his voice rising slightly.

Mendast caught this with the quickness of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'd give a million dollars for a good night's sleep!"

YOU'VE met this man. Nerves on edge, at his wit's end. "I'd give a million dollars for a good night's sleep!" And he looks as if he would—if he had the million.

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P.--LIB. 1-26

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[THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE Continued from Page Fifteen]

the court lawyer—and kept it rising further.

"But you yourself, now it is up, would advise against my turning him loose?" he said, pushing him on, with marked gravity.

"You wouldn't turn a mad dog loose!" said the young man, briefly, his voice always just a little higher, as Mendast intended.

"No," he was saying now, drawing him along with the old soothing mockery of the court lawyer baiting a sharp-tempered witness. "No. And you feel sure of this—that, if this man is let loose, he will be like a mad dog—a general public danger."

"Worse, if anything!" said the young doctor now, very promptly and directly.

But now the girl broke in, sensing the growing tension in their voices. "Why don't you tell him, dad," she asked, "why it is you think the man is innocent?"

"Wait," said her father. "One thing at a time."

The two men faced each other, openly hostile now, witness and opposing lawyer.

"Worse," said the soft, bantering voice of the lawyer, building up his case, goading on his witness. "Out robbing, murdering women! Freed—with a license to do so by his acquittal! That's the idea, isn't it?"

"You framed that statement, not I," said the young man.

"And so the man who sets him loose, naturally, would be a murderer?" asked the devil's advocate, raising his own voice now a little—just enough.

"Dad!" cried the sharpening voice of his daughter, bewildered, frightened by the thing that she saw shaping.

"WAIT! Wait!" said her father, and gazed at the other man with his taunting smile, still carrying the fight to him. "That's a simple question. Doctor Blackwell will be glad to answer it. Won't you, Doctor?"

"Yes—if you insist," said the big man with the flushed face. "I think that the man with brains who lets a criminal like this one loose upon society is more responsible—is more——"

"A murderer!" prompted Mendast, sharply.

"It wasn't I who said so."

"Even though you believe it!"

The younger, more straightforward man whom he baited did not reply at once.

"Do you believe that of me?" asked the devil's advocate, appealing suddenly now to his flushed, bewildered daughter. "Are you also convinced that I am a murderer?"

"I—I——" said his opponent, the victim of his arts, starting qualifying and explaining at precisely the wrong time.

"Are you?" Mendast insisted softly to his daughter.

"No!" she told him loudly, responding to his manipulation. "No, my father is no murderer!" she cried, now turning to the other man. "And I don't care to know anyone who would say he was!"

"But I didn't say——" the young man answered, struggling for a hearing.

"I know exactly what you said."

"The intimation, I must say," said the devil's advocate, smiling, "was rather clear."

"Will you please go now?" said the young girl, holding her head high.

THE younger man passed slowly from the room and from the house. "For good!" thought Henry Mendast with satisfaction.

Scarcely had the other gone, when his daughter turned upon him.

"Why," she demanded, "why couldn't you tell him what you told me—what you told me not to tell—that you yourself had proof, before you took the case, that this man was innocent?"

Henry Mendast looked at her, waiting for a moment, watching the strangely fierce emotion which burned in her young face.

"That match box!" she demanded. "What is in it? How will it prove that your client is innocent?"

The adroit mind of the devil's advocate caught up and tossed back the evasion—his invention on the first occasion when he had shown the thing to her.

"I can't tell you that, my dear," he informed her. "It isn't mine to tell—what's in that box. But I will promise you this: it will be the means of proving him as innocent of this crime as you are."

He did not explain to her, naturally, that it was the withholding, not the production, of the box that would save his client.

His daughter looked at him steadily and searchingly—with a new look that he did not like.

"If—if you deceived me about that," she cried, "I would almost hate you!"

Henry Mendast, sitting motionless, saw her wheel, leave the library, pass, softly sobbing, up the stairs.

A curious sight—the violence, the poignancy, the desperateness of their emotions to the young, when watched by those growing old! And especially by those who work with emotions—play on them, make their living by them, year after year—like an actor or a musician—or a devil's advocate!

What terrible secret does the little match box contain? Why does it mean a man's life and liberty and a daughter's love and confidence in her father? This absorbing mystery is carried to a surprising conclusion in the final installment, to appear next week.

MAY *a* WIFE Deny Her Husband Children?

No *Yes*

P. & A. Photo

"There Are as Many Madonnas Among Men as There Are Among Women," Says Winifred Valentino

By ELISABETH REDFIELD

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

WINIFRED HUDNUT VALENTINO

IF YOU were to ask the question, "Has a wife the right to deny her husband children?" of all the women in America, many—perhaps most—would answer, emphatically, "No!" But many others would bridle and say:

"What does a man know about it? There is no risk in childbirth to him; no danger, no pain, no trouble. Of course a woman has the right to decide the question. You bet your life!"

Quite so. Childbirth is, in fact, a gamble—often a desperate gamble—in which the woman plays for the supreme stake. She goes into the Valley of the Shadow. If she comes out, bearing another life in her arms, she has fulfilled her destiny, in a natural sense. A cycle of life has been completed.

The church, the state, the opinion of organized society assume her willingness to take the chance. For marriage is the foundation of the home, the home is necessary to the rearing of children, and children must be brought into the world if the race is to endure. Moreover, there is the element of love—which no discussion involving marriage can properly ignore.

The sum of these factors places women under the moral necessity of bearing children. The line of reasoning is quite plain, and few women will question it openly. When they do question it, it is oftenest in the privacy of their thoughts. And who can say what a woman thinks?

There is a certain type of woman with whom, however, this article has no concern. She is the wife of a poor man—a wife oppressed by poverty and anxiety—who is working hard, and harder than her husband, to keep them both alive.

We are discussing women whose husbands make good livings, who have leisure, comfort, pleasant surroundings, a servant or two. What if such a wife denies her husband children? Is she not doing more to make his life incomplete and a disappointment than if she made him blind?

Yet many prosperous marriages are childless, and one wonders as to the underlying cause of the wife's refusal to abide by her obligation. Is it vanity? Or fear? Or is there some other motive?

Not long ago the papers were full of the separation of Rudolph Valentino and his wife. Rudolph the Sheik—in the eyes of romantic women the handsomest and the most desirable of men—has been discarded by his wife. She neglected, it seems, to make him happy.

But why?

"Because," he said, his handsome dark face lugubrious, his curiously cut slant eyes darkening, "I wanted a real home. I'm not willing to go along this way with a wife determined upon a career, mothering a flock of Pekingese dogs and having no home life.

"If Mrs. Valentino is through with me, I am through with marriage—until I can have children and give them the kind of care and love I had as a boy."

Did Mrs. Valentino, whose name as a moving

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MAY A WIFE DENY HER HUSBAND CHILDREN?
Continued from Page Seventeen]

picture actress is Natacha Rambova, refuse to have children?

"Well—a——" she said, hesitatingly, "that wasn't the underlying cause for the separation. We did have some bad disagreements on the subject of children."

"Have you some small dogs, Mrs. Valentino?" She has. Does she like them? Yes, she likes them very much.

And so you may conclude that Mrs. Valentino has done her husband a serious wrong, a wrong that is only too common among the wives of well-off American husbands, particularly among women who live in expensive apartments, whose lives consist of "facials" and "permanents," novelty jewelry, new shows, cocktail parties, a series of flirtations which are proofs that the new evening gown is vampish, the new face-lifting job a success, that the new "goldened" shingle is very Ina Claire—and so on.

To such women children are an expense. They take time. Apart from the risk of having them, they have a way of making everything squalid. They mess up everything. They will nick the grand piano.

BESIDES, many apartment houses refuse to take tenants with children. Really, the only people who can have children comfortably are millionaires with big country places, who can afford a governess for each child: a mansion so large that one remote part can be, as it were, walled off, where the children, and their noise and their rambunctious ways, won't intrude upon the lady and her toilette, her morning sleep, and her round of the smart shops.

P. & A. Photo

This is the way the Valentinos looked when everything was lovely. The Christmas packages are those of a former year—NOT 1925.

Now, such women almost inevitably have some pet—a Pomeranian or a Pekingese, a Mexican hairless or perhaps a microscopic monkey-faced griffon—which seems to them utterly adorable and upon which they lavish enough love and tenderness to satisfy six children.

The dog is a noble animal. But, by some uncanny psychology, cold-blooded and self-interested women choose to love tiny, yipping dogs who have the smallest cranial capacity of all the canine family. The Pekingese has become a symbol, in fact, for a certain type of childless wife.

Is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino such a type?

"I am not," she said. "His [Valentino's] complaint that he had no children wasn't the real cause of our separation. It is true we had some hot arguments about children. There are reasons why I thought it would have been a mistake to have children under the circumstances. But wait till you hear me out; you will see I am not so unfeeling."

Now, all the best men and women in the world like children. That is certain. A man or woman who is kind, generous, good—who accepts responsibility and thrives under it, who is a hard worker, who takes more pleasure in caring for others than amusing himself—always likes children and looks forward to having them. On the other hand, vain, egocentric men or women do not. Children demand attention and affection. The egocentric and selfish person doesn't like it when attention and affection are spent anywhere but on himself. So he dislikes children—doesn't want to have them around.

The movie actress thinks so, too.

"When either a man or woman loves children and has a compassionate understanding of them, it is the best sign of superiority I know of," she said.

"The best men have a pathetic yearning for children. Without children their lives are incomplete and unfulfilled. There are just as many Madonnas among men as women. But I am not so bad and inconsiderate as you might think. I have a lot to say in defense of myself."

And this is why she and Rudolph Valentino were separated.

"We were married four years ago, and it was an intense and romantic love affair. Gradually we found out that it was a mistake, and we separated—a matrimonial vacation, the newspapers called it.

"You can't blame us because we thought our marriage would be perfect. Young people haven't much sense about love. And no prevision. Anyway, we weren't married with the cold-blooded idea that in a few years we would get a divorce, amuse ourselves again with another marriage, and then another, and another marriage.

"Most people think that is what actors and actresses do. But actors, even such handsome and dashing ones as Rudolph Valentino, fall in love, believe it is to be everlasting happiness; find it is not so; cannot adjust their temperaments; and so on—to a divorce. And I believe in divorces. Where two people are injuring each other by bad feeling they ought to be separated.

"The question is, Why was our marriage a mistake? I have learned something about marriage, I think, and all this is leading up to the reasons we did not have children. In the first place, I don't think an American girl should marry a foreigner."

"Why?"

"Because foreign men have such different ideas of marriage than Americans. A foreign husband is irritating and discouraging to an American wife."

"How?"

"Well, in Europe boys are taught to consider themselves much more important than girls. European parents save money so that their sons can have education, opportunities. Their daughters don't get such things.

"Then those boys, brought up to consider themselves lords of creation, marry. They expect a wife to be subordinate. Marvelous lovemaking, romance, passion, poetry, and adoration may precede the marriage. But what a foreign husband must have in a wife—and is bitterly disappointed if he doesn't get it—is this: she must make him comfortable, minister to his wants, provide sympathy when he needs it, and when he doesn't need it keep in the background.

"NOW, I don't mind behaving in that fashion. It is a pleasure to do all you can to make your husband comfortable, when you are in love. But what wears you out is this: a foreign husband accepts all these things as though they were your duty, a part of your day's work; as though *of course* you ought to always be there to shove a pillow under his head.

"But an American husband—when you do these things for him—thinks what a nice, considerate, charming wife you are, how fond you are of him, and what can he do for you?

"It isn't that I, when married, would insist upon praise for the small and unimportant favors I would do—favors that should be done just as a matter of course. But take it the other way around—a man who is always waiting upon his wife likes to have her smile at him kindly, to see her face light up with appreciation, doesn't he? Well, so would I.

"To make a long story short, if an American girl is married to a man who expects this service as a wifely duty, rather than as a manifestation of kindness and affection, after a few years of it the wife finds it is depressing and discouraging.

"In American marriages the give-and-take is fifty-fifty. Even forty-sixty. That is, the American husband does more to please his wife than she does to please him. Not that I approve of that: it should be fifty-fifty. But that is why I would certainly marry an American next time rather than a European."

Now, what about Rudolph and his love of children?

"I doubt whether he loves them so much," she said. "I think he likes the idea of chil-

dren. He would like children who are dressed up. But I know he wouldn't like the trouble of them, and the work, and the anxiety, and the sacrifice. He wouldn't like them when they were not pretty and angelic.

"I adore children with all my heart. But I think it would have been a great mistake to bring children into our marriage, because it was an uneasy and contentious marriage."

"What caused the contention?"

"I wanted to work in the movies."

"But why did you insist upon working? Why didn't you stay home?"

"Because I have always worked since I was seventeen. I worked for two reasons. First, because I wanted to make money for myself—not live on someone else. Second, because I am energetic. As a married couple we weren't poor. Why should I stay home and be ministered to by maids—a sort of a charming, loafing houri? I have to use my energy and wits by doing something that seems interesting to me. Otherwise, I would go melancholy and mad.

"So that was one cause of inharmony. He didn't like it that I was so active. If I was less active I didn't like it. And it wasn't as though I had just been working for myself. I have been working for him. It was rather silly of him to say all at once, 'I don't want you to work any more.' I worked harder for him than for anyone, designing nearly all of his productions for four years."

"But what about Rudolph's home life? What about that, Mrs. Valentino?"

"I wouldn't have children because I could see we were to have an uneasy marriage on account of our different ideas—American and Italian. Next, we couldn't agree about the children.

"In the first place, he wanted a boy: a *son*. That was a secret annoyance to me. It is always such a sign of male egotism. In the best and happiest marriages, for example, an American man who is in love with his wife wants a girl baby, and the wife wants a boy. You see, when people are much in love each wishes to have reproduced the image of the other. The husband thinks how endearing, how charming a little girl like his wife would be. The wife wants a son, a small image of her husband.

"BUT European men are male worshipers and think of women as charming subordinates, useful only as admirers of men. So they want a man child as a mirror of their own magnificent masculinity. American women almost always resent this. They want their husbands to feel that girls are just as nice as boys and just as worth having.

"Then," added Mrs. Valentino, "he wanted this son to be brought up abroad and sent to an Italian military school. I couldn't bear that. If children are to live in Europe, then it may be all right to have them educated in Europe. But I want my children to live in America, and be educated in America, and have American ideas, to be happy and at home here—to have American ideas about women and marriage and everything."

Now, who is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino that she is so passionately American?

First, she was Winifred Shaughnessy, a little Irish girl. Then she was Winifred Hudnut, for she was adopted by a well-to-do Boston family. Then she acted for a season in a Russian theatrical company. A Russian girl in that company, who was her friend, died, and Winifred Hudnut assumed as her professional name that little Russian actress' name—Natacha Rambova. Then, four years ago, she became Mrs. Rudolph Valentino.

Natacha Rombova is a tall and well-bred girl. She has sharply cut features, a gentle, refined Madonna face. She wears her straight, taupe-colored hair parted in the middle, brushed smooth and sleek over the ears. A thick braid of it is wound around her head, like a halo. Beautiful, slender, sensitive hands. One's attention was called to them by a large emerald ring.

She was acting in a new film, Clothes Make the Woman, which is in the process of production. She was dressed in a Poiret *robe de style* of black velvet with a tight bodice and a long, billowing skirt, spangled here and there with clusters of brilliants.

She does not smile very much; only now and then, which makes it all the more of a reward. For her face lights up.

Her questioner feels drawn within the circle of her friendliness and humor and intelligence.

"So, Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, you would give up love for a career?"

"Well— A man's love, yes. But I wouldn't give up children for a career. A man's love doesn't compensate for the boredom and depression of being a loafer. If you have faculties you have to use them. But I would give up a career for children because they require all that you have—your intelligence and energy. And the only satisfaction in the world is giving all the strength you have in a good cause.

"But to give up all work, just so you can better devote yourself to loving a man—a great mistake. Because if he is the kind of man who is so egocentric he doesn't want you to work, but to spend your life admiring his greatness—well, then he isn't the kind of man I can love.

P. & A. Photo

Winifred Hudnut Valentino, who disagrees strongly with Rudolph on the matter of having children.

P. & A. Photo

Rudolph Valentino, film sheik of the century, as the "home-loving man." He has expressed regret that his business did not permit his leading a tranquil domestic life.

"ANOTHER thing that contributes to spoiling marriage is money, I suppose. You have money. You want to give your husband a present. You send out a secretary to buy something worth fifty dollars.

"This gets to be a cold, perfunctory business. No warmth or affection in it.

"But it is a relief to be free. And neither of us is broken-hearted. We have passed beyond that stage. And that is nice."

"Is Valentino such a patriotic Italian?"

"He was," she said. "But I hear he has just taken out his first papers."

At that she had to smile a reluctant smile which, when it broke down the resistance of her quiet and serious face, was engaging, charming, candid.

"He must have met someone who has more influence than I had."

"Will he marry again?"

"Oh, I think so. He needs an adoring wife. Oh, yes."

The views of the beautiful Mrs. Valentino, of course, settle nothing except the motives which animated her own course of conduct.

Overshadowing the film star and the sheik—overshadowing the conduct of everyone who enjoys the tranquillity and protection of the existing order of things—stands the larger issue of what is best for society as a whole.

Has a wife the right to deny her husband children?

To every rule there must be exceptions. But let us not forget that nothing created by man has ever contributed so much to human happiness as the institution of the home—which, in the best circumstances, comprises a man, his wife, and their children.

THE END

It's *a* Thousand *to* One *You* Can't Fly

Curious and Exacting Mental and Physical Qualifications Demanded of Birdmen, and How They Are Zealously Watched Over by Observant Flight Surgeons, Are Described in This Interesting Article, the Fourth of a Series,

By COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL

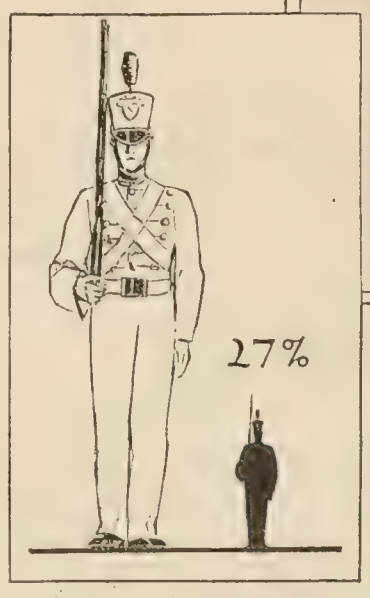
IN ANY discussion of aeronautics, no matter what our organization may be, or our theories for its use, success cannot be obtained unless there are good and efficient men to fly the machines and good and efficient machines to be flown.

Neither the personnel nor the material side can be developed in a short time. It takes years of studied effort to bring success. The end or object of the problem must be seen and directly aimed at. It is only recently that we have begun to realize what the characteristics of aeronautical personnel are.

There are three general classes of these: First, those who go in the air and fly the planes. This includes all the technical people and engineers who design the planes, because unless they know how to fly it is difficult for them to be able to appreciate how the airplanes should be built, no matter what is their scientific knowledge.

The second class is the mechanics. These must be men of the highest order in their particular calling who have learned their trade by actual service in the factories that construct the airplanes, the engines, and the equipment. They are highly specialized individuals and cannot be gathered up as is the ordinary soldier or sailor.

The third category is the nontechnical men, used for drawing water, chopping wood, cleaning equipment, and doing guard and police duty. These can be found anywhere and can be hired at a comparatively low price. The trouble with all armies and navies in their handling of aviation is that they have gotten men from this last group to act as mechanics and have attempted to train them as such. It has always been a flat failure in proportion to the time and effort expended and the danger resulting from their use to the flyers.



Only twenty-seven per cent of West Point cadets, class '23, were physically equipped to be air pilots.

Of the three categories the first two, therefore, need special consideration, those that fly in the air particularly so. Before discussing their special physical characteristics, as determined by our surgeons, it might be well for us to look at the differences between the psychology animating the ground army, for instance, and that which governs the airman.

A ground army has to be organized to handle the most difficult conditions that arise with the population. The psychology that governs is that of a mob, of a mass of human beings actuated by all sorts of intense feelings and excitement. They have to be herded around, as it were, not only led but driven forward, and those who attempt to escape have to be shot or otherwise physically dealt with.

Int. Photo

Why an aviator must literally see on all sides at once—a scene from the last Japanese air maneuvers showing eight planes swooping down in a theoretical attack.

Our airmen cannot be prodded forward or handled as a mob. They are individuals of the most independent character—they have to be led and shown, educated and instructed so as to bring out the highest qualities of personal initiative, endeavor, and bravery.

Not all men are capable of a development of this kind.

The British found that in the first year of the war, 1914, sixty per cent of their fatalities were due to physical defects of the pilot. Recognizing this, special examinations were required for the flying service, and in the second year the fatalities due to physical defects were reduced to twenty per cent and in the third year to twelve per cent.

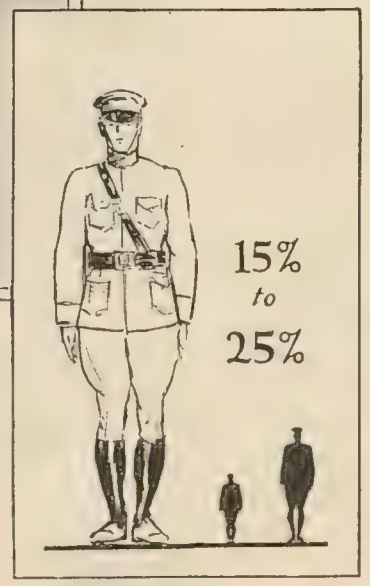
Our medical men have given a great deal of time and attention to a study of these conditions. In fact, we have developed a type of flight surgeon who goes with us in the air and looks after our well-being from the particular standpoint of a flying man.

In some of the biggest air operations which I have conducted in the past I consider that our flight surgeons were probably as much responsible for their success as any other individuals. They are constantly among the pilots in all their daily work. They watch every man before he leaves the ground. If they see one who is not in a proper condition to fly it is immediately reported.

THEY watch them when they come down and take remedial action with individuals accordingly. They know exactly what to do with us when we are too tired, nervously exhausted, or growing stale. The physical faculties involved in flying had never been studied before the last war, because there was no cause for such a study.

The airplane pilot not only operates in an element which is unnatural to, and has heretofore been inaccessible to, man, but he finds himself in control of a high-powered, complex, delicate machine, the management of which taxes the faculties of one who is in every respect normal, physically and mentally, and the operation of which requires his absolute and undivided attention.

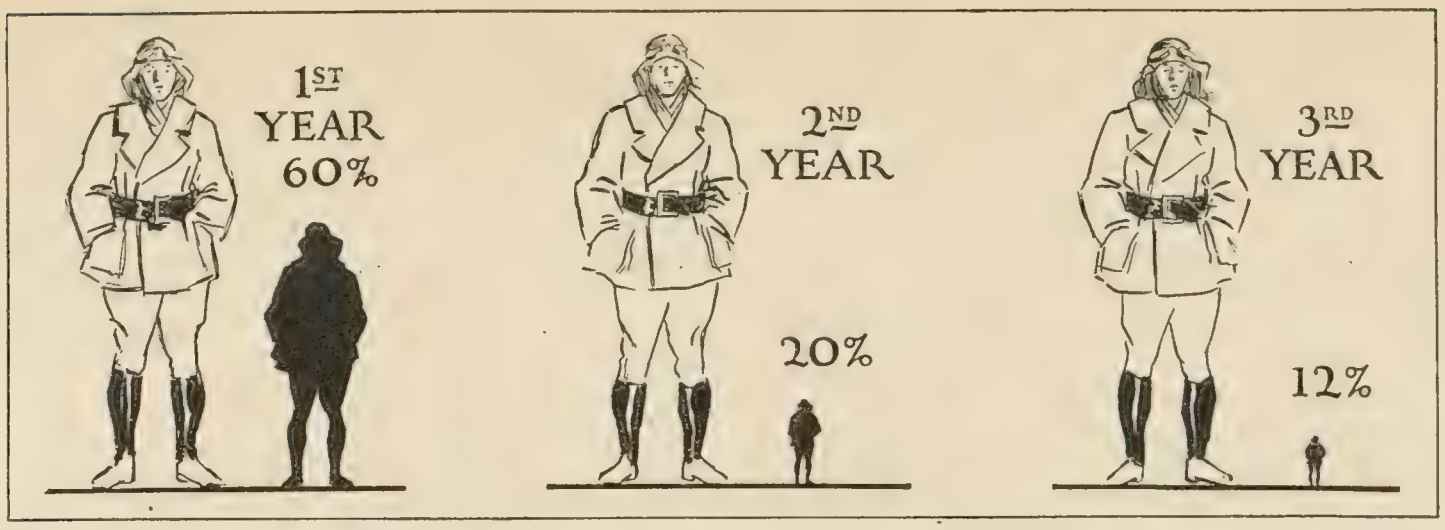
A physical defect which for army or navy personnel is unimportant, may be the cause of disaster to himself, his passenger, and even the innocent bystander. A man who drives an automobile may make a mistake twice, but for a pilot his first error in judgment is only too often his last.



Only fifteen to twenty-five per cent of all army officers can pass the full air pilot examination.

The medical problems of aviation consist, first, in the selection of the flyer; then, after a suitable person has been found, his care and maintenance.

The selection of the flyer calls for an espe-



How proper physical examinations help. In the first year of the World War sixty per cent of the fatalities to British air men were caused by physical defects. In the second year, after examinations were instituted, physical defects caused only twenty per cent, and in the third year, only twelve per cent of the deaths.

cial examination. The eyes are a most important consideration. The nonflyer is concerned with straight ahead vision—that is, practically all his vision has to do with the central part of the retina of his eye. If his vision is defective, he can correct it with glasses.

The aviator, however, must have excellent vision and cannot wear glasses. He is concerned with peripheral vision—that is, vision all around him—as well as central vision, both for form and color. For instance, when looking straight ahead, he must be able to detect the presence of a plane off at one side. Should he have a defect in his visual fields, or a blind spot, it might easily obliterate the image of that plane and in wartime cause his death if the plane were a hostile one.

The aviator must literally see on all sides at once. It is only rarely that those in the ordinary pursuits of life are called upon to turn their eyes at an extreme angle—turning their head is all that is necessary. The aviator, however, turns his head as far as possible and then turns his eyes. This he is doing constantly. This brings into play his ocular muscles.

These muscles act in opposing groups and work together. If they are not properly balanced in strength one overpowers another and double vision occurs—a serious matter.

Very few persons have absolutely normal muscle balance, but most of us have a compensating power that prevents double vision. In some, however, the tendency of the eyes to deviate is so great that under strain, fatigue, effects of altitude, etc., the weak muscles give way and double vision results. It is possible for the subject to suppress one image, and the inexperienced may suppress the wrong one. The tendencies and strength of the ocular muscles must then be determined. This calls for a test, to give which our surgeons need special training.

One of the most important characteristics of a flyer is ability to judge distance. He must be able to judge accurately his distance from the ground in making a landing, also his distance from buildings, trees, and other planes.

THE tests for hearing and for examination of the nose and throat do not call for any very special knowledge. The standards are higher, however, than for the army or navy officer.

The question of equilibrium is very important and must be understood by the examining officer. There are several factors taking part in equilibrium, and various tests and apparatus are necessary. Special attention is paid to the heart.

Lastly, and probably the most important of all and the most interesting, comes the examination of the nervous system. The flyer is subjected to unusual and cumulative stresses, capable of disturbing the stability of any nervous organization.

His selection is a strictly individual and highly specialized problem. Not only must there be a thorough neurological study but close scrutiny also of the entire mental life with a view to determining trends, resistances, and potentialities, and, in view of these latter, the probable reactions to the experiences inseparable from his daily work.

Both during training and subsequently the medical officer charged with the care of the flyer must vigilantly watch for the detection of those early and insidious departures from the normal, significant for the psychoneuroses which unfit the flyer, temporarily or permanently, for flying. This is in order that highly specialized personnel may be conserved and the service protected against needless waste and loss.

After we have our flyer selected we must classify him according to his ability to withstand the effects of altitude. At high altitudes there is a deficiency of oxygen and different individuals adapt themselves to this shortage in different ways. We have an altitude classification test by means of which we can determine an individual's reaction to the effects of altitude—in aviation parlance, "get a man's ceiling."

The test involves a complex apparatus and a knowledge of aviation physiology and psychology. It takes considerable training and experience with the test in order to perform it satisfactorily. One pilot can fly safely at eight thousand feet, another at twenty thousand feet, etc.

After selecting, classifying, and training a flyer, equally important work still remains to be done. This is the actual and physical maintenance of the flyer.

There is a severe strain, mental and physical, associated with flying. The effects of fa-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Int. Photo

Maj. Gen. F. W. Sladen addressing the 1925 graduating class at West Point. General Sladen was one of the three trial judges to whom exception was taken by the defense in the Mitchell court-martial. The cadets at West Point represent the highest military training in the world, and yet only twenty-seven per cent of the class of '23 could pass the air pilot tests of physical fitness.

[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

tigue, the production, symptoms and treatment of staleness are all-important. The flyer begins to make poor landings and shows poor depth perception. Minor conditions which are of no great importance to the ground officer make it dangerous for an officer to fly—for example, minor pathological conditions, fatigue, anxieties, early departures from the normal nervous make-up.

The flight surgeon must have some practical knowledge of flying, he must be familiar with these problems, and from this knowledge pass on the physical fitness to fly of each individual from day to day.

In the graduating class of West Point in 1923 only about twenty-seven per cent of the cadets could pass the physical examination required of flyers. It is a question of how many officers in the army can pass the full examination required of pilots. Estimates vary—from fifteen to twenty-five per cent up to the age of thirty-five. Beyond that, very few can pass it.

IT is quite evident, then, that the personnel of the ground army is entirely unsuitable for making flying officers. In the first place, the armies are organized on a basis of mob psychology, as has been stated, and their officers are trained to handle it. In the second place, the physical characteristics required of pilots are not possessed, in a large measure, by the officers of the ground army. They are, therefore, incapable of fully understanding, or executing, either, the flyer's point of view of his work in the air. To try to blend the two is like attempting to mix oil and water.

The United States has a great reservoir of suitable flying men. They can be found in the colleges and universities. Not only is their mental education looked after but their physical training as well. Those who take part in athletic sports, particularly in horseback riding, football, and baseball, are excellent material. They have a spirit of co-operation and team work, combined with initiative, which is exactly the right thing for the airman. This is what distinguished our pilots in the World War. They are certainly the best material in the world today.

It is often heard that flying is a young man's game. It is a young man's game, just as anything else is at the start. A man has to work up from the bottom in any business and this is so in flying. The flying officer enters as a pilot. He is then promoted through the various grades. The fatalities incident to his work are very much greater than are those in a ground army or a navy. In fact, in the United States Army today, where there are only about eight hundred and fifty flying officers out of a total of nearly twelve thousand other officers, the flyers bear about forty per cent of all the fatalities every year among the whole commissioned personnel of the Army.

A flying officer's average life, therefore, is only from ten to fifteen years of actual flying service. This is on the probability of death from accident or other cause incident to flying. Of course, many last much longer. Due to the severe physical requirements of a flyer, a proportion become incapacitated for aerial work and either have to become observers—that is, nonpilots—or ground men.

The question is often asked as to what can be done with the great proportion of flying officers who are incapacitated for their work if permanently assigned to flying forces. The answer is that there are many positions on the ground in the supply departments and technical services which require a man with flying experience. Heretofore these positions have been filled by nonflyers, with detrimental consequences to the organization. In time of peace about half the total number of officers are engaged in supply work and in administrative positions.

In addition to this the future will undoubtedly see the flying officers who have ceased to be capable of going into the air assigned to anti-aircraft artillery units. They will then bring to these units an intimate knowledge of flying, of our formations, methods of aerial attack and how to counteract them, which can never be understood by men trained on the ground alone; so that, instead of the retirements for different causes being an impediment to the service, they can be utilized to decided advantage.

The airman feels keenly the fact that the officers who direct military operations are nonflyers. This condition will never be eliminated until a complete reorganization of our system takes place. Although I seldom quote from any other person, an address by Charles S. Matthews, Commander of Aviators' Post No. 43, so clearly expresses their feeling that I venture to put in a portion of his speech, verbatim. He said:

"As I look back over 1917 and 1918 and think of the old cadets and so-called flying lieutenants at Issoudun, Tours, San Maxient, and other stations in France, at Kelly's Field, and other flying centers in this country, I marvel that it was possible that the men who formed the backbone of American aviation could be so badly treated and so poorly handled. It is more marvelous that today, almost ten years later, the same groups are dictating things, and it is still more marvelous that nothing has been done to remedy the situation.

"In those days they tried to train us along the same general plan that the soldier was brought up under. Every effort was made to pound into us close-order drill and other mechanical movements that we might learn that orders are orders, their wisdom must not be questioned. Then, to top it off, they sent us commanding officers from other branches of the service, who did not know the difference between a flying wire and a landing wire, nor a scout plane from a bombing plane, who did not know what any plane could do or couldn't do.

"NEITHER aviation nor anything else can succeed in such a manner. The thinking for an aviator cannot be done in the next room. He must do it himself and hence must be trained along different lines that he may be equipped for his particular work. The minute he leaves the ground he is on his own. He must think fast and act faster.

"The thoughts that run through my mind are the same ones that run through the minds of almost every man who served as a flyer during the war. Those of us who have seen our buddies, some of the finest men who ever lived, the best friends we ever had, go down to meet their God in a plane that should have been in the junk heap, or under foolish orders from a man who knew not what he did, go forth never to return—gentlemen, we have very definite ideas and feeling in this great question of what is the matter with aviation.

"The conditions were terrible then—and everybody knew it. The conditions today seem to be just as bad. Strange as it may seem, when an inspection was made the inspector knew nothing about aeroplanes and the business of flying them. They were interested, not in how many planes we had, not in what their condition was, but whether our uniforms were according to regulation, what kind of a salute we gave, whether or not our bunks were made up in the orthodox manner, and such routine matters.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I say to you aviation is but a child in the wrong hands. As an infant those hands crippled her; and today, they are trying to stunt her growth lest she outshine them. In spite of them she is growing, but looking badly by comparison with the growth of her brothers in other lands. This child has a great latent power. She wants to use that power in the best interests of the great American people.

"Aviation was wished on the army mule. Those mules are doing their best to block her path. If twenty captains of the air service were killed tomorrow, by virtue of what should it promote twenty officers of infantry? High rank in the service comes only to old men. Aviators never grow old in years. Hence the flying personnel, the men whose knowledge is really first hand, do not hold high rank.

"AVIATION is a young man's business. There is no one of age who knows much about it. We need young men at the helm with rank enough to sit as equals in the councils. What are they afraid of? It is not a crime to be young. One young man who knows his subject is worth more than a thousand old men who don't know it, and perhaps worse than that, don't want to know. There are thousands of young men in commercial life who have made good when given the opportunity. The wonderful development of the radio is the work of the young men of the country.

"We, the flyers of the nation (and I express the opinion of most of them) say to you, the American people, that the only solution of the appalling situation that exists is by divorcing the control of aviation from its present holders.

"This is not a new idea, but was prevalent in our minds before the armistice was signed. Time has only made us more certain. When the armies were demobilized many and many an aviator was so disgusted that he would not even join the reserve. Had aviation held its proper place in the scheme of things there would be today infinitely more flyers with brilliant war records in the active service to augment the wonderful flying personnel that we have today.

"What is needed and must be had is a Secretary of National Defense with Under-secretaries for Land, Water, and Air, each with equal authority in his own field. When that comes to pass, the day will not be far off when the sky will know its 'Ford coupe.' Cities, states, and nations will be closer together, and wars will be so dangerous for the men who declare war that we will have very few of them.

"We appeal to you, the American people, to take an interest in this, which is your fight for an adequate national defense and the further progress of a great advancement in civilization."

The aviators constitute an airgoing community, they have their own traditions, language, and community of interest. It is growing each year and will further develop with succeeding generations.

They are ready to take their place on an equal footing with their comrades in the Army and Navy.

Colonel Mitchell will continue his discussion of aviation and its peacetime and wartime needs in another article, to appear in an early issue.

Do Women Smoke?

WE'LL SAY THEY DO!

The Entertaining—and, of Course, Confidential—Story of How the Ladies of the Good Old U. S. A. Consumed 9,000,000,000 Cigarettes in 1925

By JOHN WOLGAMOT

Picture by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

NO coughing. No burned fingers. No eyes that suddenly fill with anguished tears. The ladies' technique has acquired, in short, the perfection of practice.

YOU may write it on your cuff (for ready reference) that the ladies love their cigarettes. And in no pale, anemic way.

You see them here, there, everywhere of late—in restaurants, offices, and the lobbies of hotels, at football games, and, of course, at home—touching matches to the thin, tobacco-filled tubes.

No coughing. No burned fingers. No eyes that suddenly fill with anguished tears. The smoke curls delicately from accustomed nostrils. The ash is discarded with precisely the proper flick of disdain. The ladies' technique has acquired, in short, the perfection of practice. No wonder. In 1925 the women of the United States smoked nine billion cigarettes!

Persons who deplore the habit may read the figures and weep, for the Julius Rosenwald Foundation compiled them, and they presumably are accurate.

As long ago as 1923 the women of America smoked seven billion cigarettes. Seven billion cigarettes!

Cigarette manufacturers paled a bit, although they went right along manufacturing. In that year sixty-six billion seven hundred and sixteen million cigarettes were purchased and smoked in the United States, all told. That gives us the right to say that something less than one-ninth of our cigarette smokers were women.

In 1924 the total sales of cigarettes jumped to more than seventy-one billion, about eight billion of which were consumed by women. In the first nine months of 1925 more than sixty billion cigarettes were sold to Americans—men and women—and we have it from the most important manufacturers that the total sales for last year were not less than eighty billions.

Now, we dislike to pile figures on you in that manner. Generally speaking, we have little heart for statistics. Yet these numerals catch our fancy, and we are betting they will give you cause to think. Therefore, we proceed to just one more mathematical paragraph.

If you will address yourself to the census tables you will find that there are in America about thirty-five million females eighteen years old and over. Unquestionably, in these days of emancipated youth, we have smokers of more tender years. But, generally speaking, and for the sake of the thrill we get out of it, let us assume that the smoking by females starts at eighteen.

Tobacconists who gave us these figures seem to agree that about forty per cent of the women smoke. We have to take that figure in spite of our reluctance. After a canvass of Liberty's own office force, we were ready to say seventy-five per cent. So we take it that fourteen or fifteen million American women and girls consumed those nine billion cigarettes in 1925.

There seems to be little doubt that the habit is quite general among women. Only a few weeks ago Bryn Mawr College lifted its absolute prohibition against smoking on the part of the students. The president, Marion Edwards Park, agreed with the students' self-government association that the prevailing restrictions couldn't be enforced. Not all of the students wished to smoke, said Miss Frances Jay of New York, president of the student body. Miss Jay thought the number was something less than half.

We have now recovered from our statistical debauch. We arrive, so to speak, at the entrance of our article. What effect has all this nicotine upon our womanhood, if any?

"If our girls are smoking we do not know it," said William J. Wells, general manager of a large New York department store. "There has been no noticeable decrease in their endurance.

"We have ignored the female smoking habit just as we ignored the bobbed hair epidemic. We provide no smoking rooms for either men or women. The only place in the building where our help can smoke is in our main luncheon room. This is the room in which our higher paid employees dine, and here you can see many of our women buyers indulging in a cigarette or two."

ON Mr. Wells' suggestion I visited this room during the luncheon hour. It was a large, elaborate dining hall, filled with feminine customers and with men and women from the store. Almost everyone appeared to be smoking.

"Smoking among girls is in its ascendancy," said Mr. Wells. "While we are not encouraging the habit, neither are we frowning on the girls who indulge. Personally, I believe that suffrage, women's rights, and smoking have lost the women a great deal of the respect which men formerly paid them. These are the reasons that men no longer take off their hats in elevators and no longer give up their seats in public conveyances.

"As far as brands of cigarettes are con-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

THE BULL'S EYE is a publication that goes to print. When does it go to print? It goes to print whenever there is something to print. A lot of papers, in fact to be exact, all of them, have a certain time to be issued, regardless of the news. If nothing has happened that day or that week they have to come out just the same. They want you to pay for them whether they are any good to you or not. Why should a paper be printed if there is nothing new to print?

Sing Sing don't electrocute a man at a certain hour every day. They wait until they get a good man and then electrocute him. They don't have a set time or custom, and that is the way the BULL'S EYE is operated. We don't go to press at ten o'clock tonight just because we went to press at ten last night. No, sir! We wait until we have something that is worth while to our myriads of readers. We get them accustomed to the fact that when they see the BULL'S EYE, they say to themselves, "The BULL has seen something worth while," and that is why the Paper is out today. Because it has news for you. We saw a man smoking a sack of "BULL" DURHAM and he was getting so much satisfaction out of it that we feel it our duty to tell those that never used "BULL" DURHAM just how they too can get satisfaction.

Will Rogers

P. S. Now you won't see us again until we have something worth while.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

cerned, I don't believe the girls even require the special, milder blends any longer. They used to want scented cigarettes, but now they have shifted over to the popular tastes of the men."

David Cronbach, general manager of another leading store, thought smoking a cigarette was a good way for either a man or a woman to blow off steam.

"We don't allow our girls to smoke in our place," he said; "but as far as their efficiency is concerned, I will say this: the value of our employees has increased steadily every year since we have been in business."

Another department store executive, speaking of the effect of smoking on the efficiency of women, said:

"My sister has three fine, healthy sons, yet she has smoked for over seventeen years. It has not weakened her efficiency as a mother nor has it affected the health of her children."

This man, asked to estimate the degree to which smoking is practiced among women, answered, "Seventy-five per cent of the women I know use cigarettes."

H. W. Casler of the New York Telephone Company, which employs over thirty thousand telephone operators, painted a different picture. Never once, he said, since the start of the female smoking craze had he heard that a telephone operator indulged—at least about the company's offices. The operators are not allowed to smoke either on duty or in their rest rooms.

"We hire very young girls," Mr. Casler pointed out. "The women who smoke are mostly over twenty-one, while our girls are generally seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen.

"We don't find much smoking in industry. We provide recreation for our girls and teach them to be useful to themselves and to society in ways that give them enough diversion that they don't find smoking attractive. Personally, I have little respect for the woman who smokes."

THE dean of a fashionable girls' school said that smoking has a harmful effect upon a girl's academic standing.

"It makes them nervous and inattentive. We have had no success with any rule against smoking due to a large number of almost impossible and flagrant violations, but we do all we can to discourage it. I despise the woman who smokes."

One of the executives at Columbia University, speaking in general of shopgirls, co-ed students, and the rest of our feminine smokers, said:

"Smoking is a barrier to the logical development of the normal feminine tendencies and is at best only a cheap attempt to imitate man in one of his most obnoxious vices. Smoking lessens a woman's resistance, and she cannot take the same chance as a man in this respect. She becomes a total loss too quickly. A man can come back; a woman can't.

"The wide prosperity of the country has led to cigarettes for women.

"Women nowadays are simply adopting the vices which men are discarding. The more noble minds of the country are all against smoking and drinking. Each certainly saps the energy of either sex."

And while this gentleman thus held forth, he consumed three cigarettes himself.

Tobacconists are neutral on the question. One told me, when I mentioned that I had heard it estimated that seventy-five per cent of the American women use cigarettes, that this was nonsense.

"Seventy-five per cent of the women who patronize our big hotels and restaurants, perhaps, but I should say only about forty per cent of the female population of the United States."

IT isn't only of recent years that women have smoked. Back in the old days grandmother used to enjoy her pipe, and thirty years ago milady in London smoked with her coffee. It was the conventional thing to do even then—in London!

Curtis Wessel, managing editor of the *United States Tobacco Journal*, said:

"No effort is being made on the part of the manufacturers to sell to women. The habit is commonplace, save to members of the old-fashioned world."

Julia Hoyt, the actress, thinks that smoking is harmless to women unless done to excess. A famous Baltimore neurologist backs up Miss Hoyt with the statement:

"Smoking is harmless to the busy, athletic type of girl, but it may be injurious to the inactive woman. Exercise is necessary to counteract the effect of nicotine."

Yet a woman in charge of the factory of a famous cigarette company in New York City says she smokes from seventy-five to one hundred cigarettes a day. She takes practically no exercise, and often her day lasts until eight and nine o'clock at night.

One of the most interesting incidents brought about or attributed to women smokers was the wave of divorce which surged through the San Francisco courts in 1924. It was common to hear some young husband wail to judge or jury:

"She just smoked one darn cigarette after another!"

And yet back in 1922 Paul Gardner, president of the Association of Railroad Chief Surgeons, went so far as to prescribe cigarettes for women workers.

"They help men work out their problems," he said, "so why can't they be of the same use to women?"

THE END

BANISHING *the* BLUES

They Lose Their Knockout Punch When They Face Fresh Air, Sound Sleep, and Proper Food

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

Picture by R. B. FULLER

ON THE eve of his last championship fight, Jim Jeffries, a great fighter, a man of gigantic physique, got a fit of the blues. He became so despondent that nothing made an impression upon him. He simply was in a "blue funk" and was beaten before he entered the ring.

A brave and cheerful woman I know was called upon by her neighbors in cases of illness or distress. Her opinion was final, and the doctor was summoned only when she felt it was necessary. When death entered any home she was at hand with help and sympathy. Her cheerfulness was a byword in the community, and yet her husband and children would sometimes come upon her unawares and find her in tears.

Our "big" men and women who handle hundreds and thousands of employees, and who seem to be made of iron and optimism, have their moments when they are despondent beyond words.

This despondent feeling that takes hold of the bravest and best at times is found usually in men and women who work indoors with their brains and not with their hands. It is found also in those who are much alone with their thoughts, even if doing manual labor. It is found also in those who have inherited a lack of nervous control or stability.

The brain and nervous system which looks after all the processes, is so affected by this inherited nervous instability, by fatigue or anxieties, that it permits certain parts to act like a car going downhill without brakes, and other parts like a car going uphill with brakes on, a terrible drag to the car. The emotion stimulates the brain to intense activity in which the heart and lungs share. Unfortunately these same emotions interfere with the impulses which control the nerves of the stomach, liver, and intestines, and these impulses arrive at these organs in such an irregular and weak manner that action is almost stopped. Thus with brain, heart, and lungs working overtime, and the digestive apparatus—stomach, liver, and intestines—working slowly and spasmodically, you can see that "disarrangement" of the entire body naturally follows.

Jeffries' despondency was caused by anxiety to uphold the honor of the white race in the eyes of the world. This anxiety preyed upon him until his nervous force was expended, and the fatigue of thinking and worrying actually poisoned his system and interfered with brain and body activity.

The neighborhood mother referred to shared the sorrow and loss of everyone in the neighborhood, and this mental strain made her burden so overwhelming that this momentary despondency was the natural result, due to fatigue poisons.

THE blues mean that poisons are in control of your body, your will. With the poison removed you can be your true fighting self.

Your business man carried out his plans with such directness and driving force that he had to sway or persuade his associates by sheer personality. But to get these across kept him tensed during the entire meeting. Tenseness manufactures poisons just as does mental and physical labor.

There is only one cure for this type, and that is regulating the body to life. These folks fail to remember that they are encased in an animal body, which demands proper food, rest, and exercise. These despondent folks neglect to pay one, two, or perhaps all three of these obligations. The result is seen in fits of depression.

A man who eats well, sleeps well, and gets regular outdoor exercise is never blue. Chauncey M. Depew, at ninety-one, says he eats only the things that agree with him, that he is in bed early every night. He thus does not manufacture poisons in his intestine from overeating or wrong eating, and his hours of sleep give his circulation a chance to remove the poisons. He apparently has very little poison from worry and anxiety.

Despondent folks can work out their own salvation by taking hold of themselves, and putting their body into shape. Daily exercise will strengthen and slow down the heart and deepen the breathing, so that a steady circulation of pure blood will be maintained. This exercise in turn will create the desire for food and sleep, and your circle is complete.

The despondent man who in former years often became a patient in a mental hospital today is given good food, then worked or exercised outdoors, is bathed, after which he sinks into a natural sleep. His despondency and mental depression pass away in a few months. This treatment is emptying many an institution of those mental depression cases.

WHAT of the person who has inherited this tendency to nervous instability, to despondency, to depression?

This nervous inherited instability has the effect of getting things out of proportion in the mind of the individual. Every duty, every care is magnified many times in his mind, and he feels so unequal to the task that despondency is the natural result. He likewise is poisoned by fatigue products.

Mental specialists overhaul him and point out that the streak or train of thinking that is causing his despondency is one that can be removed with a little proper thinking and determination on his part, because there is really no organic cause for such a condition. The change of thought prevents the formation of mental fatigue products.

So, if you get the blues or are often despondent, remember that anybody and everybody gets despondent at times. The length of this despondent period rests with yourself. Should you get blue, put yourself in your right class.

Continued despondency is frequently due to an infection of some kind, usually from the teeth or tonsils, and sometimes from the gall bladder. The correction of such defects has restored many a despondent man to a normal, healthy condition.

Briefly the blues mean that poisons are in control of your body, your will. Despondency or the blues may come into any life, because we all have cares and sorrows, and sometimes infections of teeth, tonsils, or other parts of the body, but remaining blue, allowing your body to remain poisoned, when with the poison removed you can be your true fighting self, is without excuse.

THE END

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

MANNEQUIN

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHAT Orchid dreaded most was the men who came to the miserable fenement room she shared with Annie Pogany. The loud-breathing longshoremen, with stubbles of beards and eyes with red threads in them —eyes that slid over her so. And she dreaded the neighbors; they might learn that Annie, the crone of a charwoman she believed to be her mother, took drugs.

Those were the terrors that haunted her—a lovely, innocent child, almost thirteen—hidden in a slum of New York's Lower East Side.

Eleven years before—when Orchid was too young to remember—and was named Joan—she had lived in a comfortable apartment with her parents, John Lester and Selene Herrick. They had engaged Annie Pogany, a third-rate nursemaid, for little Joan. Annie conceived a devotion for Joan that was almost a mania—and finally kidnaped her.

While the Herricks searched fruitlessly, sly Annie, hidden away in the slums, had changed her last name to Sargossa, and Joan's name to Orchid. There, in that tenement, the baby grew into girlhood. Gin-soaked and drug-dazed, Annie horrified Orchid by receiving visits from longshoremen. But Annie enforced one rule with these visitors: Hands off Orchid!

Until one day, when "Nana" was too silly to care. Suddenly in gorilla-like arms a longshoreman had Orchid.

Orchid, frantic and superhuman with terror, some way broke clear of him, and was out, down the stairs.

She ran. She ran. She was trembling with silent hysteria by the time she reached the Settlement House and entered the reading room.

CHAPTER FIVE

SHE took down a book from the shelves. The first one she laid throbbing eyes on, and carried it to a chair beside a window.

First Rudiments of Chemistry. A Handbook. First Rudiments of Chemistry. A Handbook. For two hours, crouched in the attitude of concentration, with unseeing eyes forced against the title page, she sat there, trying to get back composure. Struggling to keep her lips steady. Forcing her eyes to focus until they could make out the letters of the page. Handbook of Chemistry. Stilling the sobbing in her throat and the drowning in her ears by the effort of making her fingernails relax from their bite up into her palms.

Two hours in the casual attitude of reading there, of struggling to relax herself of the horror. And by half past nine, at closing time, composed enough to hear someone entirely outside of herself saying in light, natural tones that she recognized as her own:

"Good-night, Miss Daly. Yes'm. it's the first book on chemistry I've ever read. Yes'm. Good-night, Miss Turball."

Home that night, and after spending more than an hour on the landing listening with her ear to the lock and gathering up the courage to try the knob, Orchid did finally muster it up, peering in with her head, but her body as far out in the hallway as she could stretch it.

The room was quite bare. There were two empty bottles on the floor beside the rocker and the overturned stool that she had kicked and overturned as she fled.

Nana did not come home that night. Nor the next. Nor the next.

It was the first time she had ever remained away for more than two.

By the fifth night the authorities had wind of it.

The sixth Orchid slept on a clean little cot in what was called the "infirmary" of the House.

The seventh Miss Walter signed an order on a dotted line and she was temporarily entered on what was known as an emergency slip, into the Clara Von Hutton Vocational Home for Girls in East Sixty-Fifth Street between Third and Lexington Avenues.

And drab as it was, a five-story brick building surrounded by warehouses and permeated by the odor of lysol and philanthropy, it was, by all odds, a vast improvement upon anything she had ever previously known.

Indeed, except for the transfer picture of the warm room of brasses, cretonne, and mahogany of Miss Walter's, stamped there so indelibly against Orchid's brain, it would have amounted to luxury.

The little white iron cot with the coarse stiff sheets in a cell of a room all to herself.

The bath at the end of the hall. The tub that she scoured with a brush and a can of gritty stuff there for the purpose, and then into the gleaming porcelain, the clear steaming water. Long, slow luxury of that. And the fresh shaggy bath towel left every other day on her doorknob. Sometimes in the deliciousness of the bath she missed the breakfast gong and went without her mug of good coffee and choice of soft-boiled egg or gruel.

But breakfast did not matter so much as just to lie, even selfishly, with the other girls trying at the knob, and let the flesh relax to the luxury.

By the week-end Orchid was enrolled in three evening classes—designing, millinery,

IT was the first time, standing there after the fashion show, answering the interviewer's terse bombardment of questions, that the remote thing called beauty had come close enough for her to touch.

and English composition. And by the week following that, in fresh middy blouse and a blue serge plaited skirt from the wardrobe department of the Clara Von Hutton, she presented a stamped and printed slip handed her at the Home, down at the desk of the employees' entrance of the Titanic Department Store on Broadway and Thirty-Fourth Street.

One hour later, a strip of navy blue ribbon around the upper arm of the middy blouse, with "Service" embroidered on it in red, Orchid started her career as cash girl in the Titanic.

To Orchid the Titanic was like the mouth of some great land monster that chewed her up day after day, rolled her, masticated her, everything but gulped her, and then spat her out at six o'clock, with pretty much all of the juices of life chewed out of her and down into the monster.

At least the first six or eight weeks were like that. The backs of her legs hurt so. All of the strength drained out of them. And the white incandescent lights over the aisles made her skin feel their color. And the din of the Titanic and the din of her heart and the beat of her pulse and the roaring in her ears all day long, all night long, bawled out: "Cash!" "Cash!"

The air of her waking and the air of her sleeping was full of it; the beating of wings together in a noise like "Cash."

"Cash," shouted the silence as she floated off to sleep in her little cell of a room.

"Cash," shouted the day, coming at her murkily through the window that looked onto the warehouse, and lifting back the lids of her sleep.

Cash. Cash. Cash.

It was hard, in the din, to miss Nana acutely, except for the ache when she thought of her in such moments as bending with her poor old stubs of fingers over the pink-tissue, or of sitting with her face in that dreadful looking stone-gargoyle smile of pride when she had danced in the gilt-paper crown. Poor Nana . . .

Nana must have gone off somewhere—with the milk in her eyes befogging them—off somewhere with the—the one who was all stubble—the backs of his hands—his jowl—his chest—off somewhere—the two of them, befuddled — accident of dark embankments — barges that go down at night——

They told Orchid at the station down in Mulberry Street precinct, where she went occasionally long after the case had ceased to be more than a record, that the woman known as Annie Sargossa, her mother, had probably shipped with the seaman described in her rooms that Sunday afternoon of the disappearance.

Shipped with the seaman. Hardly—Nana, with her eyes all milky and too dull to care.

Dark embankments—rather——

SUDDENLY, if none too subtly, you knew that you were beautiful. The girls in the Clara Von Hutton told you so. They gathered in the clean little cell of your room, evenings, to watch you brush out the sleek black wing of your hair.

It was fun being beautiful. It made the girls defer a little. Orchid had money now, too. In sums. Eight dollars a week, four of which went for the nominal amount of the room and board which the girls in the Clara Von Hutton paid in proportion to their earnings.

Then there were the four left over, after the items of the middy blouse and the plaited skirt were paid and car fares, umbrella, cold cream, lisle thread stockings, castile soap and all the delightful accessories that had, here in this brand-new world, become necessities.

And then with the accumulated savings of the weeks there was quite a little row, on the back of the washstand, of the cheap little daintinesses that one craved, and still enough left over to venture down with into the dressmaking department where the Clara Von Hutton apprentice girls would make a frock for the amount in one's purse.

After the first weeks of the lassitude from the pain in her back and her legs, the thrill of the procedure made the breath stick in her throat. In gasps.

They gave her samples and crowded around her in a little bevy: "That blue serge will make up swell for you. They're all the cheese down at Franklin's opening this week. That'll be swell, made straight silhouette on you, Ork."

Or: "This here black faille will go swell with that hair of yours and against your skin. Say, God musta put a little green bluing in the clay when he made you."

But suddenly Orchid, with the bits in her hand and the girls about her in their cheap imitation dresses of the prevailing modes, did not desire any more. She wanted instead, soft stuffs of her own selection. Pliable stuffs that could be picked up in bargain bins and at employees' discount in the Titanic, and that she herself could drape and wind and manipulate about her figure in ways her fingers were itching to get at. Fastidious stuffs that her flesh

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$500.00 CASH PRIZE

for a Name for the New Tower Diaphragm

WE will pay $500 cash for a name best describing the new Tower Diaphragm—the most important discovery in over 50 years of experimental work in the acoustical field. Over 1,000 other valuable prizes will be awarded to persons submitting names of merit.

Over fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone receiver with its all-metal Diaphragm. Until now the world's greatest acoustical experts have been unable to effect any radical improvements on this type.

Now—after exhaustive experiments, Dr. Herman Fisher, the eminent Russian scientist and acoustical expert of the Tower Co., has perfected a marvelous new Diaphragm—revolutionary in principle and unparalleled in performance.

The Diaphragm consists of two different materials, one of which reproduces the upper register of the scale and the other, the lower, making it a veritable double diaphragm which brings out ALL the notes with an amazing mellowness of tone, increased volume and COMPLETE absence of distortion, hitherto never attained in a radio loud speaker.

The name "High-Low Tone" has been suggested, but we believe some one can suggest a better one. Let us have yours—it may win the $500 prize or one of the 1,000 additional awards.

Names should be submitted on U. S. postcards with name and address of sender clearly printed—no others considered. Send as many names as you wish. Contest closes February 15th, so act promptly. Decision of Tower Company officials will be final. In event winning name is suggested by more than one person, prizes will be divided equally.

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Designer of the new Tower Diaphragm, first won world fame by discovering the tone secrets of the master violin makers. In tone tests in Paris, Fisher violins outscored genuine Stradivarius and Guadagnini instruments. Dr. Fisher, retained by the Tower Mfg. Co., now applies to radio his wonderful new discoverics, exclusively in the new Tower Speakers.

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WORLD'S GREATEST SPEAKER VALUES

[MANNEQUIN Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

seemed to crave. Not stiff serges, but for the same price, fabrics she had seen in the bargain basement that, when she ran her hand over them, seemed to cling a little with the curious live magnetic quality of silk.

Thus it was that Orchid first came to discover that she could make her own clothes. Sheer daintinesses out of next to nothing, that were to enhance and delight her.

At seventeen, because of this quality in her of a love and a taste for the batistelike, sheer things that made her linger her spare moments around the departments in the store that dealt in them, Orchid, at twelve dollars a week, was in the silk lingerie department of the Titanic.

All day long the sheer things rilled through her fingers. When she ran her hand underneath a bit of silk and spread it to point up the webbiness of the pattern or of sheen, she loved the sleazy stuff. Loved to feel it near the dainty fabric of her own skin. Loved the daintinesses. Dealt in them successfully, because she loved the things she sold across the counter.

IT was about then that Orchid and a girl in the lace and veiling department named Idaleen Crow, took a room which they shared together in a house on Seventh Avenue below Twenty-third Street. It was a fourth story back, none too large, but with two separate cots and a closet with a window and a stationary washstand in it, that was large enough to use as a sort of dressing room. They shared it for five dollars a week each.

A room that was half her own! A room that was not a slit in a tenement or a single cell in a house that smelled of philanthropy. The odor of the cans of refuse outside the doors was somehow preferable to the low embalmed odor of philanthropy.

A table covered with cotton chintz and a mirror over it that made it serve as a dresser, a baby-pillow on the cot with a lingerie slip over pink sateen.

The kind of baby-pillow that women tucked behind their heads in motion pictures.

When Orchid was seventeen and earning twelve dollars a week in the lingerie department and sharing the fourth floor back in Seventh Avenue, life already had a shimmer to it.

She was frankly scornful for the most part of the pimply-jawed, pasty-looking young clerks with indoor complexions, pinch-back coats and soft blue collars clasped with bar pins, with whom Idaleen sat on park benches, in motion picture theaters, and across tall stools at soda water fountains.

"Life's a compromise. With

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You've tried 5000 shaves without it —*now try* 10 *with it*

THE COUPON *brings free* BOTTLE

HOW many times have you shaved? About 5000, if you're 35 years old. Wouldn't you like to make your next 5000 shaves more pleasant? They will be if you use Aqua Velva.

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Liberty 1-2-26

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

girls like us, it's not what you want, it's what you get," was Idaleen's philosophy. She had already made her great compromise from dreams of the stage to the reality of the veiling department in the Titanic.

Maybe so. Only Orchid believed passionately in the ultimate efficiency of what you want, if somehow, some way, you could generate within yourself the capacity to want, so achingly, so persistently, so tormentingly, that nothing short of achievement could lay the torment.

The things that Orchid wanted. Those years when the heterogeneity of life in the Titanic beat up around her in a furious kind of tide that blinded the eyes and made the brain flounder, it was not easy to define what she wanted. Even to herself. The vague beauties that she had sensed with a dull pain in her. The dull pain at their remoteness.

Evenings in the reading room at the House or later at the Clara Von Hutton, that dull pain had used to leap at her, even when she did not completely understand it. The look of a poem on the wide white area of a page. Bottled up lovelinesses in phials of books that somehow withheld their perfume from her. Remoteness of beauty.

EVENINGS, with the shallow little course in designing at the Clara Von Hutton as assistance, Orchid made her own dresses. Soft fabrics that she had picked up in bargain bins, lying in swirls about her feet, which, full of sting from the long hours of standing, she sometimes propped as she sewed, on an opposite chair against an icebag for the blessed coolth.

The girls in the store doubted and debated the authenticity of her rather esoteric kind of beauty.

"No color."

"Too frigid."

"Must have been raised on Eskimo pie."

"That simplicity stuff don't get you nowhere."

"Interesting pallor nothing. I call it jaundice. A box of henna powder will do the trick for any of us."

"Wish you had hands like her, do you? Well, better speak to God about that."

"She must have been born when there was a tinge of cyclone green in the sky."

There was less controversial discussion of the quality of Orchid's beauty among the men in the Titanic. To them, it was a little glacially dazzling—but there it was.

Some of them asked her to go out with them.

Sometimes she went, of sheer ennui of the evenings of the fourth-floor-rear room and the patter of Idaleen. But more often, not.

Dinner in cheap Italian table d'hote restaurants where the waiters served heavy soup with a thumb in it. Thin wine. Jammed subways at theater time. Balcony seats. The round stools in front of sticky soda water stands. After theater subway jams when a tired neighbor's head was apt as not to loll over on your shoulder.

And the dreary routine of holding these men at the only distance that made them endurable.

There had grown up in Orchid, in the years of her harsh schooling in the only world of men she knew, a certain brittle kind of bitterness.

It was a game to beat them at their own game.

There was something a little exultant in slamming the front door of her rooming house in the face of a man ramming the toe of his shoe in between, in his effort to follow her indoors after a theater, as if by right of the table d'hote or chop suey dinner.

There was usually insolence behind the black lashes that veiled Orchid's rather Maltese gray eyes, after a bit of frustration of one who had reckoned without his hostess.

Idaleen was one of the girls whose promiscuousness Orchid always had a sense of defending. And Cora-May, also in the veilings and a chum of Idaleen's, who lived "at home."

When Orchid repulsed an impertinence, as odious as they usually were inevitable, it was as if her very revulsion were in the name of the Idaleens and the Cora-Mays.

Idaleen and Cora-May would have been the first to laugh. Miss Don Quixote out after windmills, if they had known how to put it into words. But just the same, it kept Orchid a little less bitter, repudiating in the name of all the girls who did not dare to be selective.

One day a girl by the curious name of Delancy Delancy broke her ankle. In the French Room of the Titanic on the first day of a heavily advertised fashion display of imported evening gowns.

She had been walking, in the doll-like fashion of a mannequin, down a short flight of three coral-carpeted steps, and casually, so that she scarcely seemed to more than stumble, twist went her foot so that two bones in her ankle snapped.

To Orchid, at that moment selling a ninety-eight-cent camisole downstairs in the lingerie department, that mishap was momentous.

There was a jam of women peering over shoulders in the French Room to view this much advertised display of a new season's just-arrived importations. Mostly, it is true, women who would ultimately go downstairs and buy a dollar-eighty-nine-cent bungalow apron off the aisle tables.

Delancy was the only girl in the none too pretentious French department of the great popular-priced store who could lay claim to the proportions of the professional model. The other two, when they walked down the pink velvet steps, had either to have pinned over the waistline—or left open—a hook-and-eye.

There was some quick futile telephoning.

One of the floormen, who had noticed her every day as he went out to lunch, suggested Orchid: "There's a beauty of a pale gray-eyed girl with black hair down in the lingerie department. Might try her."

FOR the first time in her life that afternoon, Orchid felt the creep of petal-colored chiffon to her flesh and beheld her whiteness flow down into the sheerness of one French importation after another.

It was curious that the week of the important circumstances of Orchid's permanent promotion from the lingerie to the dual capacity of salesgirl and mannequin in the French Room should also have been the week of her first meeting with Martin Innesbrook.

Curious in the way that momentous circumstances come often that way. In schools. Like porpoises.

The wife of a conspicuous member of the United States Cabinet had just issued the challenging statement that it was possible for any American woman to be well dressed on three hundred and fifty dollars a year.

In the argumentative welter such an expression from a woman prominent in social and diplomatic circles was sure to arouse, Martin Innesbrook was running down a symposium of opinion and comment from the angle of the manufacturer of women's wear, the importer, and the consumer.

One of those Sunday-feature articles of two-color illustrations, beloved of American-journalism-for-the-people.

When Orchid, with all of the terrifying nervousness, but certainly none of the awkwardness, of the novice, walked down the three coral-colored steps in a cream chiffon gown exactly the color of her creaminess and with the lustre of her black hair enhanced so that it actually looked that italicized kind of black that has a blue sheen over it, Martin Innesbrook, who was standing in the rear of the French Room, interviewing the head buyer, experienced the emotion of shooting down too quickly in an elevator.

Thrill at the very pit of him.

His was part of the reaction that was making the first appearance of Orchid in the role of mannequin a success. His was one of the Oh-ahs that went up, as Orchid, with the intuition to point her toe properly, descended those three rosy steps.

"I think," he said, "I'll get the point of view of the mannequin next. The girl who wears the clothes without ever owning them. That stunning one over there with the Egyptian-looking head and the white skin. I wonder if I could have a word with her after the show?"

That is how Orchid and Martin Innesbrook met.

IT was the first time she had ever known a man without a "girlie," a "gotta date," a "kiddo," or a "cutie" in his vocabulary. It was the first time she had ever known a man who did not regard her with that intangible piggy focus of gaze coming into his eyes.

It was the first time, standing there after the fashion show, in a green organdie frock that felt like surf to her body, answering with her shy stiff lips the interviewer's terse bombardment of questions, that the remote thing called beauty had come close enough for her to touch.

There was nothing passionately headlong in the coming together of Orchid and Martin Innesbrook. On the contrary, there was something timid, and almost, it might have seemed, a something inhibited about it.

It was a full two weeks after the picture of her—shy there before him, in the green organdie—had printed itself into his consciousness, before young Innesbrook, who wanted to seem casual about it, allowed himself to seem to drop in again at the Titanic.

It was a full two weeks before Orchid, with the first excitement died down—the excitement of days that consisted of literally walking in beauty and of the raise in plans, and hopes, and wages—was able to isolate the one teasing impression that could sometimes seem to make her want to cry.

The impression of young Innesbrook, with his straight, eager eyes through the horn-rimmed glasses, and his dark, damp, excited-looking hair, with the furrows of five fingers through it.

It was another two weeks, after a series of these desultory and seemingly casual meetings between them, before Innesbrook could muster up the impulse of sufficient courage to ask her out to dinner with him in a little restaurant called The Antique, which he frequented. A nook of a place above a curio shop in West Twenty-seventh street, a few doors from his hotel.

It was the first place of the kind Orchid had ever seen. Cocroft china, linen doilies in three sizes, instead of the washable tops of lunchrooms or the stained tablecloths of Italian table d'hotes. Old prints on the walls and pewter on the plate racks. Candlelight. Little tucked-away tables for two.

It gave her a sense of breeding, somehow.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

Poor Orchid, feeling out with the little antennæ of her intuition. . . .

Vaguely, to Orchid, the name of Innesbrook had already, even before she met Martin, worn away a little place in her consciousness.

The fact was that every morning, on her way to work, nine out of ten in the street car rush around her—and usually she herself—were reading the *Enquirer*, an Innesbrook morning paper. The *Daily*, also Innesbrook-owned, an illustrated sheet, went off the stands like hot cakes. There was a twenty-eight-story Innesbrook office building near Columbus Circle. Innesbrook. Innesbrook. "Are you related to —to Max Innesbrook?"

Martin admitted it rather ruefully.

"Yes, he's my uncle, and that is the principal reason you will find that I have worked on about every paper in the country except one of the Innesbrook chain of them. The chief reason being that my father was so inconsiderate as to get himself born a brother of Max. What would seem to be, offhand, my greatest asset, up to this day of our Lord hasn't proved to be much except a liability. If my uncle had fourteen jobs to hand out and I happened to come along first, he'd begin with thirteen and count backward."

That was almost the first long speech in the four weeks of overtures that Martin had made to Orchid. He delivered it that first evening of their dinner together in the little tearoom up over the curio shop.

NO, there was nothing impetuous about the beginning of the relationship between these two. To Orchid it was almost as if all the uncertainties, the yearnings, had been so many little metal disks, ringing. And with the coming of Martin they had all spun themselves down. Into quiet. Almost peace.

Here was someone who talked in a low, steady, humorous voice that brought the remotenesses closer. Here was someone removed from the execrable world of young men in the pinch-back coats; the world of pasty-faced young men who chewed breath sweeteners and felt with their knees against yours in street cars.

Here was someone who matched the grain of your grain.

For the first time in her life the sheen of a sweet kind of content was out over Orchid.

One evening a week—later on two, three, even four—in the little restaurant above the curio shop, after the days in and out of the fine raiment. Days that made her feet sting, but most of them days that led to the dinner hour with Martin. And if the weather was fine, to walk in parks under spangled skies, or sometimes, when a pair of seats came his way from the dramatic department of his newspaper, theater in orchestra seats, to the smell of fur and powder on shoulders.

It was not that Orchid ever seemed to have anything of real moment to say to Martin. To her his very cleverness most of the time smote her and kept her dumb. It was that talking to him there across the little candle-lit table, she constituted herself a sounding board for him.

Quick, eager things he had to say. Quick as the eager, unsaid things she had all her life been feeling. Martin telling her of his yearning was like listening to someone full of her own sweet and bitter sickness.

Desire. Ambition. Ways. Means. Fulfillment.

In these early years of what was destined to be Martin's pre-eminence in the field he had chosen, she was his sounding board. The recipient of the haphazard contents of a virile mind in action.

A good listener.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN Orchid walked down the steps, Martin Innesbrook, who was interviewing the head buyer, experienced the emotion of shooting down too quickly in an elevator.

"Thinking aloud" was what Martin called his mental peregrinations there before the silent Orchid. "I can talk to you, Orchid, and even while I talk my thoughts take shape. Things come to me out of thin air. It's because I know you are listening and will trip me up if the thoughts don't come clear, or if they come shoddy. Never let me indulge in intellectual shoddiness, Orchid, or hokum. You're immense, Orchid, as a good listener."

Well, she was greedy; greedy for the contact with Martin's eager young mind. It kept her alert.

Sometimes, listening to Martin, she was shamed at the obvious things he revealed to her. Things she would no more have let him know he was revealing, because there was something piteous in not having known them all along.

HERE were some of the terms he mentioned so casually that he was scarcely conscious of them, but that sent Orchid scurrying to the encyclopedia down in the book department of the Titanic, or to the library reading rooms those evenings she did not dine with Martin: Mount Shasta. Inferiority complex. Social revolution. Pistachio nuts. Darwinian theory. Succinct. Sinn Fein. Law of gravitation. Thomas Hardy. Stravinsky. Anatomy of Melancholy. Hedda Gabbler. Lenin. Anatole France. Arabia Deserta. Manchester *Guardian*. Michelangelo. Australasia. Pedicure. Louvre. Robert Browning. Robert Frost. *Ipso facto*. Artichokes. Psychology. Ethical culture. Free verse. Renaissance. Crusader. *Cloissonné*. Ionic. Epictetus. Daniel Boone. Helen of Troy. Protoplasm. *Sauté*. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Confucius. Anthropology. Havelock Ellis. Lapis lazuli. Martinique. Tagore. Bacardi. Paderewski. Seine. Monograph.

Small wonder she was a good listener. Martin, in his most casual moods, was an intellectual panorama.

"You're wonderful, Orchid. Hang it, if I get thrown out of the bromide club for saying it, you do understand."

"Why shouldn't I, Martin? The things you want so desperately for yourself are just my way of wanting other things for myself."

"Yes, only I don't give you much chance to dwell upon them. Sometime, Orchid, I want to hear them all. Your life has been so extraordinary—so—like a book." And then, manlike, because hers was a listening, eager face, off he was again on the desires that crowded his young horizon.

"You know, Orchid, there's a certain advantage in having my uncle so pig-headed about giving me a chance on his papers. It gets a fellow's fighting blood up."

TALKING to him across the little candle-lit table, she constituted herself a sounding board for him.

"Of course, Martin. That's what I've been telling you all along. He's getting you on your mettle in order to make sure that you have it."

"Oh, he'd give me a job all right, I guess, if I'd do him the good to come right out and ask for it. I tell you, Orchid, a self-made man with thirty millions, eighteen newspapers, and unlimited political power, who surrounds himself with a yes-yes club fifty-two weeks of the year is bound to get mental astigmatism. He needs specs. Those specs will be me, some day."

Oh, yes. Oh, yes. The two young wiseacres of them, nodding their heads above the candle.

"STANDS to reason a man can't have grown into a Crœsus and a sort of imitation Julius Cæsar without getting a little stony with authority. Anyway, my uncle can't. My father, up to the very year he died, used to say of him: 'Your Uncle Max has only one yardstick for measuring humanity. And that is the yardstick of himself, which is thirty-seven inches long.'

"Martin, no wonder you are clever, to have had a father clever enough to say that."

"My father was never anything more to my uncle than a half poet of a college professor, you know. He was too fine grained for my uncle to understand."

"Like—you—Martin——"

"You dear! No, it isn't that I want the job, Orchid, although, hang it all, I do. For reasons. For very private reasons of my own—can you guess, Orchid?"

"Martin, how can I——"

And then Martin, flushing up and running away from the subject as if afraid it might pursue him.

"But it's his stubbornness as much as anything riles me. The stubbornness of the old man saying I have to earn my right to work on an Innesbrook paper. Why, I've written feature articles that have attracted the attention of enough newspapers to have them compete a little for my services. There are hundreds of fellows working on his papers throughout the country who haven't earned the right as much as I have—whatever that means."

"Just the same, Martin, don't you forget it, he sees your feature page in the *Tattler* every Sunday."

"Well, if he does, he keeps pretty darn mum about it, and I'll certainly never be the one to call his attention to it. I know my aunt sees them and talks to him about them, and the girls, too, but, for all the old man ever says, they might as well holler down a well. Know what? I think I'm an idiot to go out there week-ends. I'd rather stay in town and just loaf it out with you, Orchid."

"But Martin, it's important that you keep up the connection."

"What is the sense of being a guest at Innesbrook-on-the-Hudson if I cannot even meet my uncle on a man-to-man basis? Sunken gardens, Italian-rococo-country-estates stuff—all that doesn't mean the dollar and seventeen cents worth of my railroad ticket to me. I'm tired of having to beard the old gentleman in his gymnasium every time I want a few minutes real talk with him."

"But, Martin, a man like your uncle, it's a liberal education just to be around him—after all, he *is* Max Innesbrook, you know."

"THAT'S it. Hang it, Orchid, I want so passionately what I want. And he has accomplished what I want. But not the way I want to accomplish. His success means wealth and power to him. He's lost sight, in the dust of the struggle, of the ideal behind the fight."

"Most big men——"

"Journalism to him is just a brilliant means to a brilliant end. But I want journalism because I know it is the most potent force for good in the civilization in which we live. I don't believe a civilization molds its own journalism. I think journalism can do much to determine the civilization it interprets."

Eager young Martin with his flaming face thrust there above the candle flame.

"Yes, Martin, yes." Sweet receptive acquiescence of Orchid which set his ardent young ego aglow.

"I want to own newspapers some day that will instruct. Not mollify. I want to educate the public. I tell you, Orchid, the press is the greatest instrument for good in the history of the world. It's the flaming sword of civilization."

"And you are going to carry it, Martin. See if you don't."

"Orchid, when you talk like that, I feel like I could move empires. I tell you, some day, even with the handicap of being a great man's nephew, journalism is going to know I've arrived."

"Indeed it is, Martin. You're more than just an aspirant. You're a—a crusader."

"You darling."

For the first time, after Martin's words, there fell between the two an instant of frightened, awkward, and ecstatic silence.

"Incredibly grim, wise, disillusioned girls." Such are the mannequins who threaten Orchid's purity of mind. Does she fall victim to their standards or can the fine, clean manhood of Martin Innesbrook save her? She comes to a parting of the ways in next week's installment. Don't miss it.

POOR CONGRESS!

An Interview by

WILLIAM HARD

THERE used to be terrible charges against Nicholas Longworth, Esq., of Cincinnati, now Speaker of the House of Representatives after having worked up to it through stern competition during some twenty years of service as the member from the Ohio First District.

These charges were:

He dresses too well. He plays the violin too well and too often. He looks too swagger. He dines out too much. He makes too many jokes. He wears spats. On Sundays he takes long, sweaty walks wearing a sweater. He never puts his hand on his heart under his frock coat and stands and looks like a statue of a statesman. His father was a swell. He inherited money. He married "Princess Alice." His sister married a French count. His socks are silk. He belongs to clubs. He makes funny remarks to solemn people. He does not behave as if he were at the funeral of the republic. He behaves more as if he were in a box at a musical comedy. He smiles. He laughs. Washington, it was said, is not funny. It is wrong of Nick, it was said, to spend all his time laughing.

Such were the charges against him. He has lived them all through and down.

Now his colleagues in Congress say:

"His socks may be silk, but his disposition is as common and comfortable as an old shoe."

Now they say:

"His tongue may be flippant, but his head is all full of deep stuff."

Now they admire him for his wonderful knowledge of the bills in the House and of the rules of the House; and now they admire him and love him for never pretending and for always being just himself.

So now he is Speaker; and pretty nearly everybody thinks that he is going to make the speakership once more into a big institution in America.

"I have to ask to be allowed at least to feel sorry for us Congressmen," Mr. Longworth said. "At bottom—the fact is—I insist sometimes on feeling proud of us. However, I also feel sorry for us—very. We are always 'unpopular.'

"I have been a member of the House of Representatives ten terms. That is twenty years. During the whole of that time we have been attacked, denounced, despised, hunted, harried, blamed, looked down upon, excoriated, and flayed.

"I refuse to take it personally. I have looked into history. I find that we did not start being unpopular when I became a Congressman. We were unpopular before that time. We were unpopular even when Lincoln was a Congressman. We were unpopular even when John Quincy Adams was a Congressman. We were unpopular even when Henry Clay was a Congressman. We have always been unpopular.

"From the beginning of the republic it has been the duty of every free-born voter to look down upon us and the duty of every free-born humorist to make jokes at us.

"Always there is something—and, in fact, almost always there is almost everything—wrong with us. We simply cannot be right.

"Let me illustrate. Suppose we pass a lot of laws. Do we get praised? Certainly not. We then get denounced by everybody for being a 'Meddlesome Congress' and for being a 'Busybody Congress.' Is it not so?

"But suppose we take warning from that experience. Suppose that in our succeeding session we pass only a few laws. Are we any better off? Certainly not. Then everybody, instead of denouncing us for being a 'Meddlesome Congress' and a 'Busybody Congress,' denounces us for being an 'Incompetent Congress' and a 'Do-Nothing Congress.'

"We have no escape—absolutely none.

"Suppose, for instance, that we follow the President. Suppose we obey him. Suppose we heed his vetoes. What do we get called? We get called a 'flock of sheep.' We get called 'echoes of the master's voice,' a 'machine.'

"Suppose, then, we turn around and get very brave, and defy the President and override his vetoes. What, then, do we get called? We get called 'factionists.' We get called 'disloyalists.' We get called 'disrupters of the party.' We get called 'demagogues.'

"We have no chance—just absolutely no chance. The only way for a Congressman to be happy is to realize that he has no chance.

"We have no chance—we most particularly and especially have no chance—against a President. That is, we have no chance—absolutely none—against him for 'popularity.' It is unavoidable. It is inevitable. It cannot be otherwise.

"Suppose you took the five hundred and thirty-one admittedly ablest men in the United States. Suppose you put ninety-six of them into the ninety-six chairs in the Senate. Suppose you put the four hundred and thirty-five others into the four hundred and thirty-five chairs in the House of Representatives. Suppose they were all of them geniuses. They still, as a group, would have no chance at all for popularity against a President.

"Just think it over for a minute, and see if it is not so.

"In the first place, the President is elected by the whole country. He can appeal to the whole country. He can pour out all the neglect and contempt he pleases upon minorities. He can go along with majority sentiment—safely and triumphantly. He can be at one with the dominant feelings of the nation. Therefore, it is absolutely readily open to him to be nationally 'popular.'

"But now compare his circumstances with those of many Representatives and of many Senators!

"These minorities of ours—where are they? These people who have peculiar views about *this* or *that*—who are extremists *in favor of* something or extremists *against* something—where are they?

"They are not spread out evenly through a our States and through all our Congressional di tricts. They are not a minority everywhere. The are concentrated. They live in geographical 'blocs A minority which amounts to nothing national may amount to everything in many Congression districts and even in many States. A nation small minority may often be a local big majorit

"Suppose, then, you are a Senator or a Repr sentative from a State or district where a nation

Clinedinst Photo

Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives, in a domestic role—contemplating and administering sustenance to his baby daughter, Paulina.

minority has a local majority. You stick up for that minority, which for you is a majority. The President denounces your majority, which for him (nationally) is a minority. Which of you is going to be nationally popular?

"There is only one answer to that question.

"You may retain your popularity in your home region, but all the rest of the country w rally to the President, to any President, wh assails you. He will be nationally a hero, and yo will be nationally a dog.

"THIS cannot be changed. Senators and Re resentatives speak for localities. A Preside can speak for the nation. The nation is alwa 'right.' Localities which differ with the nati are always 'wrong.' Therefore, a lot of Senato and Representatives must always be 'wrong' a unpopular.

"That is the first great reason for our mise in Congress, compared with almost any Preside The second reason is related to the first, and y different.

"Every locality in this country, besides possib being peculiar in certain particulars, is alwa exactly like every other locality in one particula

It's Blamed if It Does—and It's Blamed if It Doesn't. Can You Beat It? *Asks* Nicholas Longworth, *the Picturesque Figure Who Rules the House*

always wants everything an get out of every rivers harbors bill, every pub- buildings bill, and every er such bill, including tar- bills.

A locality containing a non grove always wants a h tariff on lemons. A lo- ity containing a jackknife tory always wants a high iff on jackknives. The two alities agree in principle. t do they, therefore, agree letail? Certainly not. The non locality will call the h tariff on jackknives an iquity.' The jackknife lo- ty will call the high tariff lemons an 'abomination.'

Now, where does all this language happen? It pens, it is bound to hap- , in Congress. It need not pen, it does not happen, he White House.

A President, if he is self- on behalf of the whole ntry, which he represents, patriotic.' A Senator or

© Henry Miller

Congressmen cheering Mr. Longworth, the new Speaker. He is in the center, in front, with hat raised. Congressman Martin B. Madden, whom he defeated, is at his left.

© Clinedinst

Joseph G. Cannon, the "Uncle Joe" of stormy days in the Speaker's chair.

member of the House of Representatives, if he selfish on behalf of a locality which he rep- sents, is just simply merely 'selfish.'

"See, for instance, what happens at the end the struggle over any tariff bill. Each local- has put into the bill its own local 'iniquity,' own local 'abomination.' These iniquities, ese abominations, however, when combined, nstitute a 'national policy.' They often, indeed, ccessfully constitute 'national prosperity.'

"Congress inserts the iniquities and abomina- ons. It gets blamed and cursed. The President gns the 'national prosperity.' He gets praised l blessed.

"He puts his name to the result, and is popular. e have to log-roll the rough-stuff makings of the sult, and we are *un*—very *un*—popular!

"Can you beat it?

"I do not worry about it.

"To mention a third unfair advantage which a President has over us poor national pillars of unpopularity in Congress, he does not have to debate. He can just meditate. We cannot escape debating. We have to stand up and expose our minds. We have to debate *scores* of topics, *hundreds* of topics —it sometimes seems to me, *thousands* of topics.

"When Congress is making up its mind, it is making up five hundred and thirty-one minds. When a President is making up his mind, he is making up one mind. He can make it up privately and silently. We have to make our minds up publicly and audibly.

"If a President uses any poor arguments to himself, nobody knows it. If any one of us uses a poor argument, everybody knows it.

"A President has all the advantage of secret diplomacy, where every diplomat can come out and say he was wise. We have all the disadvantage of open covenants openly arrived at, where every negotiator is watched by the bleachers of the whole world and gets sprinkled with pop bottles for every error he makes.

"In these circumstances I ask again: 'What chance have we?'

"Please understand me. I am not asking the populace in the amphitheater to spare our lives. I know that in this matter of national popularity we poor Congressmen must die. I am only asking that, as you turn your thumbs down and consign us to the sword, you at least—and merely—murmur:

"'Poor fellow! He had no chance.'

"I have a special, personal reason for this request, as Speaker of the House of Representatives. I look back now with despairing interest on the experiences of various previous Speakers of the House.

"I remember 'Uncle Joe' Cannon. Some of my earlier years in the House of Representatives were spent under the speakership of 'Uncle Joe.'

"President Roosevelt once praised us, and praised us highly, under the speakership of 'Uncle Joe,' for the large quantity and for the progressive quality of the laws which we passed.

"But how did we do it?

"'Uncle Joe' did it. He did it by running the House himself—with the help of a few (just a few) lieutenants.

"The country called 'Uncle Joe' a 'despot.' It called him a 'tyrant.' It called him and his lieutenants 'The Old Guard.' It called his system 'bossism.'

"IT overthrew it. It wanted 'liberty.' It wanted 'independence.' It demanded 'men.' It demanded men who would 'defy' the 'boss.'

"We got many of them. They ran in gangs or cliques or 'blocs,' but they would not run in parties. The climax came in the long session of the last Congress, when there was no majority for any party.

"The public should have been satisfied. But was it? Certainly not.

"We were wrong again.

"The public was just as dissatisfied with 'blocs' as it had been at one time with parties.

"It began to demand 'leadership.'

"Our present little task in the House of Representatives is to provide 'leadership' without providing 'bossism.'

"We are obediently trying.

"In order to provide 'leadership' we shall have to have 'party loyalty,' and we are going to have it. Will the public be pleased? Shall we be popular or unpopular? History provides the answer to that question. We shall be unpopular.

"In the long session of the last Congress the public told us that we did not have enough party. In this Congress will not the public tell us that we have too much party?

"Probably. We have no chance.

"Yet, seriously, we are not without some pride in ourselves. We are unpopular. Yet here the country is, after all that we have done to it, the strongest and most prosperous country in the world, resting on the laws which Congress in the course of its one hundred and thirty-seven years of continuous unpopularity has passed. A few people appreciate us. Among them is a gentleman whom sometimes we have been charged with antagonizing. He appreciates us. He has spoken of us in words I almost hesitate to quote. They might seem to set him down as a person lacking in the intelligence which enables almost any private citizen to have contempt for us.

"However, our appetite for a crumb of praise is so seldom gratified that I venture to remind my readers that, after all, Calvin Coolidge, in his inaugural address last March, did say:

"'In spite of all the criticism which often falls to the lot of Congress, there is no more effective legislative body in the world.'"

THE END

The Blackmailers of New York

THE Startling Exposure of a New Phase of an Old Criminal Industry Which Has Spread Its Tentacles Over America's Largest City, and Is Rapidly Extending Itself Into Domains of Wealth and Respectability in All Quarters of the Land

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY
Formerly Deputy Police Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, Police Department, New York City

SECOND ARTICLE

SO WIDE have become the ramifications of the business of blackmail that it requires a press of its own. It was rich enough to support a press several years ago and therefore got one.

The so-called puff-sheets came into being. These journals praised you or damned you, according to whether you paid tribute to the editor. The scandal-rag grew out of that. The puff-sheet was but a weak sister to the out-and-out scandal-rag such as, for example, *Broadway Brevities* under Stephen G. Clow.

About ten years ago this man began the publication of a little monthly dodger, detailing the activities of people familiarly known in the White Light district. It was, to begin with, a kind of puff or advertising sheet, where sundry performers and other Broadwayites could get themselves advertised and praised for a consideration.

But the owner soon saw that such a publication offered small rewards. So he began its conversion. Soon it was a scandal sheet, full of risque yarns and sketches, which were further spiced by bits of scandal, mostly without names, but so written that identities were clear enough.

This is an ancient journalistic trick, but it had got a bit stale, and Clow soon found that he wasn't waxing fat on it. So he modified *Broadway Brevities* still more and made it into the official journal of the blackmailing underworld.

This man saw all about him people being blackmailed and other men and women living on the fruits of such operations. He knew that such cases were not a few score or a few hundred but thousands. He understood that blackmail was so far flung and so penetrating an evil that it needed a mouthpiece. With such a paper he could hope to get rich by the simple expedient of publishing the sins of people and forcing other guilty ones to contribute under penalty of having their peccadilloes similarly exposed.

Later on he got to the point where he could levy on the innocent as easily as the guilty. The very prospect of being named disparagingly in *Broadway Brevities*, or even being mentioned at all, spelled to the knowing people of the theatrical district either that a man or woman had been made to pay blackmail or that he or she was about to be mulcted. In either case the inference was the same, and innocence was helpless.

Clow and his publication flourished for nearly nine years while persons in every prominent walk of metropolitan life trembled. Not until late in 1924 was any effective action taken. Then Clow and three of his solicitors were arrested on Federal warrants as the results of investigations made by Postal Inspectors William M. Pearson and Dan B. Quinn. Clow and the assistants were brought to trial last January and convicted after a sensational trial that purged New York of one of its worst blackmail maladies but nearly wrecked the patient in the purging.

AT this trial it was shown that Clow exacted tribute not only from persons but from corporations and industries. It was revealed that he used a most insidious plan for collecting. In connection with J. B. Palmer and the Palmer School of Chiropractic, one of the complainants, it was revealed that *Broadway Brevities* had first contained favorable mention of this concern. Soon came a letter requesting advertising. When this was refused there came other letters containing threats. These being also disregarded, *Broadway Brevities* appeared with disparaging and scurrilous items about the Palmer School and its owner.

Similar tactics were used against Frank B. Mastin of the patent medicine firm which widely advertises his name, the Nuxated Iron concern, Dainty Form Company, Inc., Childs', Inc., operating the Childs restaurants, the Astor, Commodore, and Biltmore hotels, and other firms.

In connection with the attempted extortion practiced on the Biltmore Hotel, the testimony showed that Clow's solicitors had approached the management for advertising and had been refused on the ground that *Broadway Brevities* had not sufficient circulation. (Its maximum was about four thousand copies.) As a result of this refusal, the witnesses said, the sheet soon had appeared with a scurrilous item about the Biltmore.

A similar attack had been projected against D. W. Griffith and his production of Way Down East. The publicity agent testified that Clow or his agents had approached him and asked for advertising, saying that *Brevities* had said nothing about the death of a young actress. The facts seemed to be that this young woman had died of natural causes and that the production of Way Down East and Mr. Griffith personally had not the least association with her. She had appeared in an earlier picture of his.

Nevertheless, *Broadway Brevities* got be-

Picture by
CARL VON BUSKIRK

A DOCTOR had a gang of cutthroats. To them he relayed the secrets obtained from his patients. These agents went to the trusting patients and got large amounts of hush money.

tween a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars for advertising that wasn't worth two per cent of that amount. The producers of Way Down East had been afraid to let Clow publish some inverted version of the story of the young actress's death—not that *Broadway Brevities* had sufficient circulation to do any harm but that such publication would start evil gossip again, which would be repeated from mouth to mouth, exaggerated, and perhaps reprinted elsewhere.

ALSO, the report that a young actress had lost her life in connection with the filming of the picture was calculated to have a depressing effect on audiences. This might have ruined the picture for display and damaged a million-dollar investment. So the producers paid Clow his price and were not attacked.

Similarly, Clow had made Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the much-married revue star, pay two hundred dollars for the cessation of derogatory and scurrilous attacks on her. Even after she had paid such attacks continued. Miss Joyce produced a receipt in court, and it was one of the telling bits of evidence against the blackmailing publisher.

Similarly, Miss Helen Lee Worthing, one of the conspicuous girls in the Ziegfeld Follies, and Miss Rosina Galli, premiere danseuse at the Metropolitan Opera House, had been made to disgorge. Miss Texas Guinan, theatrical celebrity and hostess in smart New York night clubs, was also mentioned among those who had been made to pay—just why was not clear.

It was also shown that *Broadway Brevities* was a kind of clearing house for blackmail and personal revenge. Witnesses testified that much of the private information used against the victims of the sheet had come into the office of the publication in the form of blind telephone messages and anonymous letters.

One such letter had been taken by Albert S. Brown, a solicitor for Clow, to a wealthy manufacturer and sold to the manufacturer for one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The missive contained scurrilous matter against a member of the manufacturer's family, and he testified that he had been glad to pay for it and was satisfied with his bargain.

But the climax of sensationalism was reached when a list of celebrated men was introduced, showing the amounts of blackmail they had paid *Broadway Brevities*, either for worthless advertising, for advertisements that never appeared, or for plain silence. Here are some of the names and amounts:

Jesse Lasky of the Famous Players-Lasky motion picture concern, two thousand dollars; Otto H. Kahn, wealthy banker, music and art patron, five hundred dollars; W. Averill Harriman, president of the United States Lines of steamships, five hundred dollars; the late Julius Fleischmann, yeast manufacturer, sportsman, and capitalist, five hundred dollars; Arthur S. Friend, president of Distinctive Pictures Corporation, two hundred and fifty dollars; Arch Selwyn, theatrical producer, two hundred dollars; Paul Bonwit of Bonwit-Teller Company, merchants, three hundred and fifty dollars; Tex Rickard, pugilistic promoter, two hundred and fifty dollars; Col. Jacob Ruppert, brewer and president of the New York American League baseball club, two hundred and fifty dollars.

Others who were mentioned in the trial as victims, or intended victims, of these blackmailers were Elsie Janis, Elsie Ferguson, Lee Shubert, Jake Shubert, Claude Greneker, their publicity agent; Edith Boe, a modiste recently robbed by jewel bandits; and ex-Governor Charles N. Haskell of Oklahoma, engaged in the oil promotion business.

ONE of the most extraordinary stories of blackmail I have ever encountered involves a man who appears to be living in an aura of it. While married to his first wife he became entangled with a girl whose brother, unknown to the man, had recently been released from Sing Sing. Punishment had not done the ex-convict much good, as, alas, is too frequently the case.

One day this man was called on the telephone by a woman who said that she and several of her men friends knew all about his philanderings and were prepared to submit the truth to the man's wife.

It is all very well to say that he should have told them to do their worst and then to have thrown himself upon his wife's mercy or brazen it out. But men are not so constituted, which is fortunate for the blackmailer.

He came to me. What should he do?

"Does the woman who telephoned know you by sight?" I asked.

"As far as I know, no."

"Very well," I said. "We'll take a long chance."

I told him to make an appointment with the woman, by telephone, for four o'clock that afternoon at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

"Then," I told him, "I shall impersonate you. I shall take your car. You stay out of sight. From now on until I communicate with you, I am you. Understand?"

It worked. I met the girl at the appointed place. She had told us how we would recognize her. She did not know my client by sight, and, as she must have regretted, she had forgotten me.

She was quite an old hand at the game, in spite of her relative youth.

"Get in the car," I said to her. "We can talk better as we ride."

"Have you the money?" she asked.

"Yes."

She got in. I waited for her to recognize me. She didn't. I decided to introduce myself.

"Mary," I said, "is it possible you have forgotten this Irish face of mine? My pride is hurt, Mary."

And then she remembered me. She was so disgusted with herself that she told me all about the scheme. She led me to her pals. The ringleader was the ex-convict brother of the girl for whom the man had fallen so hard.

But wait. The man's wife divorced him, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLACKMAILERS OF NEW YORK]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

he married the ex-convict's sister. With startling promptitude he went philandering again, and once more he was beset by blackmailers, who threatened to tell the second wife, who was so well informed about her husband's shortcomings as to be able to levy heavily upon his income if she wanted to go to court.

P. & A. Photo

Beru Sirro, California sailor, who attempted a lone blackmail venture in New York.

U. & U. Photo

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt II., one of the prominent people Sirro tried to victimize.

Eventually he divorced wife number two and married number three. And today he is paying blackmail to both wife number two and her ex-convict brother.

It hasn't been so long ago that a doctor left New York for parts unknown, and none too quickly. At least two men were out to get him. They might have killed him, thereby precipitating one of the most amazing of scandals. They might have merely beaten him up and driven him out of town. At any rate, he realized that his graft was done and he got away before the two men—one a husband and the other a suitor—reached his office.

HIS patients were chiefly women, although there were men. He had a pleasant, easy manner. He was the sort who invited confidences. He had two offices: one where he practiced medicine and the other where he connived in blackmail. The secrets he obtained in the first he used as the background for his plots in the second. He had a gang of cutthroats in his employ or association.

To them he relayed the secrets obtained from his patients. These agents went forth with the secrets and found corroboration for them. Thus armed with facts, the agents—some of them women—went to the trusting patients and demanded and got large amounts of hush money. How much they got is problematical, but it certainly ran into hundreds of thousands.

And the most horrible part of it was that a large number of his victims were persons in moderate circumstances and unable to meet this doctor's demands without resorting to other crimes themselves—theft, for instance. He drove several women to the streets. He forced men to rob their employers. At least two divorces came of his blackmailing plots—not divorces based upon the original mischief which gave the doctor the hold on his victim but upon subsequent deceits and falseness. And there was one suicide.

A somewhat different type of blackmailing shocked New York last June. A manufacturer who was, at the same time, a millionaire and righteous citizen, was shot to death by an ex-convict, Charles Muller. The murderer was captured and made two statements to the police. One was a straightforward confession. The other was to the effect that he had been levying upon the manufacturer as his price for concealing an atrocious story which would have ruined his victim.

When the rich man refused further payment Muller killed him. Now, Muller was of degenerate mold. He was sentenced to prison and thereafter retracted certain of his statements. But you will never be able to convince the evil minds of Broadway that he was not telling the truth in the first place.

Another type of blackmailing is, of course, the Black Hand letter game, practiced mostly by Sicilians. Usually these men confine their attentions to their own class and race. They simply demand money under the threat of death or bomb outrage, and they usually collect without trouble. Sometimes they couple kidnaping with their activities. Such rascals have occasionally left their own fields and invaded the cloistered precincts of the Metropolitan and Chicago opera companies.

P. & A. Photo

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, one of many who paid tribute to prevent scurrilous attacks by Broadway Brevities, a periodical devoted to blackmail.

Some years ago they went after the great tenor, Caruso. The singer, knowing well what these desperadoes might do, was terrified. But he was persuaded to go to the police, with the result that Sergeant Michael Fiaschetti, head of the Italian squad, caught the extortioners and sent them to prison.

More recently similar attempts were made upon Beniamino Gigli, one of Caruso's successors in the Metropolitan, and upon Cyrena Van Gordon, contralto of the Chicago company. In both these cases threats were made against the children of the singers.

Such extortion cases are so common that the mind of the public has become surcharged with the idea that easy money is to be had on all sides by the simple expedient of the threatening letter. A man or woman has but to be conspicuously in the public eye to attract the extortioner in one of his many forms.

Not long ago the newspapers were crowded with the hilarious accounts of Mr. Edward W. Browning's attempt to adopt a pretty daughter as a companion to an already adopted child. Much stress was laid upon his wealth and bounty. The result was that he was shortly in receipt of a blackmail letter from a young and folly-smitten pressman named Philip Siegel.

Last December, merely to mention another conspicuous case, Philip K. Rhinelander, father of the young man recently the center of the extraordinary annulment action against his quadroon wife, received a letter demanding he send twenty thousand dollars in cash to Battery Park, New York.

White Photo

Helen Lee Worthing, Follies girl, who figured as a victim in the blackmailing operations carried on by Broadway Brevities.

A FEW days later Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt II., one of the first flight social leaders of New York, received a letter of similar import, demanding that she leave fifty thousand at the same place. He told both these eminent and highly respected persons that he knew secrets and would expose them. Naturally, they resorted to the police, and a most elaborate trap was set for the blackmailer.

The blackmailer specified that the money was to be delivered at the east entrance of the Aquarium in Battery Park by a messenger boy having a red band on his hat and carrying an umbrella. This was a difficult case for the police, because Battery Park is open, offering no hiding places for detectives. Also, there was the difficulty of the messenger boy. To use a lad under age might bring the police some criticism for impairing the morals of a minor.

Accordingly, Detective Steven Buckley, a slight and youthful officer, was dressed as a messenger and sent to the Rhinelander and

Vanderbilt houses to call for dummy packages. Meantime, another detective, Jerry Murphy, was assigned to shadow Buckley, for fear he might be held up coming or going.

The police patrol boat was ordered out and stood off the Battery to intercept the blackmailers in case they should approach the rendezvous by launch. On land two speedy cars were held ready in near-by streets, while detectives secreted themselves as best they could about the park. But the blackmailer did not appear.

A FEW days later he sent further notes to his intended victims, and the same officers again laid their trap in the same way. This time they used a real messenger boy.

After a long wait this boy was approached by a blond, tousle-headed young man, who took the packages of supposed money and walked away. The officers followed and pounced upon him. After some denials, he confessed that he laid the whole plot alone. He was a sailor boy from Fresno, California. He longed to get home for Christmas. He had read about blackmail cases in the newspapers and had got the idea he would have no trouble. Neither Mrs. Vanderbilt nor Mr. Rhinelander wanted to prosecute, so the lad was shipped West.

Such cases have, of course, no real connection with blackmail as practiced through the glorified mistress who rules the demi-world of today and they are cited only to show how extensive is blackmail in its various forms.

D. W. Griffith, from whom Broadway Brevities got between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars.

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Rosina Galli, premiere danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who paid rather than endure malicious attacks by a noted blackmailer.

A case more germane has to do with a certain wealthy New York merchant and his favorite of some years' standing, a young woman called Jewel. The man is not youthful any longer, but he is still upstanding, good looking and life loving. He is a widower with several grown children, at least one of whom has made a society marriage. Part of the year the man lives in New York. The rest of the time he spends on fine estates in North Carolina, where his sons and daughters also hold forth when the social season moves south.

Jewel is not considered particularly handsome. Nevertheless, she has been able to wheedle the merchant out of a luxurious apartment, many jewels, fine clothes, and sumptuous upkeep. Not long ago the rich man discovered that while he was out of New York his Jewel had been consorting with most common habitues of the Broadway cabaret world and that one of them had got a good share of Jewel's jewels away from her.

A little disgusted and perhaps a bit weary of the woman, the merchant told her his bounty was at an end and, to be rid of her plagueing entreaties, hurried south to join his children. But Jewel was not so easily shunted. She found out the man's address and promptly dispatched a carefully worded letter that brought Mr. Merchant hard awake to the fact that he was in the grasp of blackmail.

P. & A. Photo

Stephen G. Clow, whose activities as publisher of Broadway Brevities earned him a prison sentence last winter.

P. & A. Photo

Edward W. Browning, New York millionaire, and Mary Spas, the girl whom he adopted. Notoriety attending investigation of the adoption prompted an attempt to blackmail Browning.

He tried to stick it out through the intermediacy of friends and lawyers, but Jewel would not be contented until her merchant came back to New York, whereupon she made him provide her with all the gems that had been taken by her underworld admirer and robber. A splendid car, a refurnished apartment, and considerable cash in bank were some of the other fruits of the truce she finally agreed to.

A little later she signed legal papers by the terms of which she confessed "settlement in full." More pay, to be sure.

With that the rich man raised his hands in blessed relief and hustled back south to enjoy himself and brood on his folly. But he was not long in peace. Jewel had got back into the grip of her underworld friends and was soon close to the cushions again. The legal agreement she had signed meant nothing to her in the face of need, so she boarded a train, got off in Carolina and sent a letter informing Mr. Merchant that she was in town and that she would hate to have his children discover their relationship. So the rich man came to realize that he was still in the trap. He might go to court and get the agreement upheld, but that would mean publicity and abasement and business losses and lawyers' fees of the steepest kind.

Worse yet, his children would find out his secret and be exposed to contempt and social disadvantage. All he had managed to gain in life would be sullied and made hollow by such a proceeding—and he might even lose the case. Juries are strange things where women are concerned. So Mr. Merchant is paying for Jewel's extravagances and he will continue doing it the rest of his life or hers, while the underworld will proceed to rob her from time to time, as suits its needs.

In the next and concluding article of this series Mr. Dougherty describes the evil of the breach of promise suits through which indiscreet young men are blackmailed of thousands of dollars annually by unscrupulous girls and equally unscrupulous lawyers.

Bee's Knees

The Snappy Story of What Happened to a Red-hot Mamma When the Sheik of Beechport Turned Cave Man

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

STANLEY HUNTINGTON GILLETTE sighed as he adjusted the black tie of his dinner ensemble. His responsibilities as leader of the younger set of Beechport were heavy. Looking at himself in the mirror with the bored and resigned air he had admired in Adolphe Menjou, he brushed an imaginary speck of dust from the shoulder of his jacket.

Really, he reflected, a man in his position should have a valet. But his father had scoffed at the notion and had made it the subject of crude jests at the country club. Stanley frowned and then stepped back to gaze approvingly at the hang of his white flannel trousers. They were just the correct width, twenty-two inches, and fell in just the proper folds over his shoes. Twenty-two inches was correct because he, Stanley Huntington Gillette, had so informed his tailors a month before. An invasion of the absurd Oxford bags had been threatened. But now all the young men of Beechport specified twenty-two inches.

Yes, his responsibilities were great. Stanley parted his hair carefully and selected a handkerchief. He was a trifle fed up. The season was well along and had been an arduous one. There had been numerous other important matters upon which he had been forced to rule.

Several weeks ago, for example, an idiotic movement to revive tennis shirts with dinner coats had gathered force. It had been sternly suppressed. And then a tendency to use those patent preparations on the hair had been noticeable. About a month ago two "monkey jackets" had been worn at the club!

Tonight, he reflected, he looked the image of what the well-dressed young man rarely had the sense to wear. A dinner coat, semi-stiff shirt, and white flannels constituted a costume cool and at the same time formal in appearance. Stanley wished that he could add the finishing touch of a cane. But too many of the crowd, following suit, would suck the end and look vacuous. Most of them, he decided, were too young for canes.

Stanley was seventeen years old, tall, with the thin strength of a boy still growing at an amazing rate. He was already a little over six feet. He had light hair which curled in a manner that old and young of the feminine world pronounced "too cunning" and which Stanley was still young enough to detest heartily. His eyes were fine, a grayish blue, and his mouth and chin were just beginning to show signs of strength. But Stanley had never concerned himself about his features. His only vanity—and that a development of the past year—was in the manner in which he dressed.

With a final approving glance at himself, he went down to the living room, being careful to avoid attracting the notice of a group of older people on the front porch. He knew that Baxton was serving cocktails and that his mother, with her deplorable lack of knowledge of the trend of the times, would shake her head reprovingly and murmur, "No, Sonny, darling—not until you're twenty-one!" Just as though it had not been he who had ruled that hip flasks were never to be refilled during the course of the Friday night dances!

As he sauntered about the library and into the billiard room, where he practiced a few expert shots, Stanley heard the booming voice of his father describing a ball-a-hole match that day. Then the gong sounded from the dining room and Baxton announced that dinner was served.

He joined the older people in the hallway. All the guests were, to Stanley, uninteresting, and he bowed formally. They consisted of one of the law partners in his father's firm, the wife of that gentleman, the chairman of the house committee at the club, who had a furtive air, as though invariably looking for a complaint when someone spoke to him, and a banker from town who usually talked politics and sang the praises of the Republican administration.

Mr. Gillette had inherited a sizable estate from his father and, with this as a basis, had accumulated a fairly large fortune. He was a perfectly typical well-bred American, a man not provincial in the least. Mrs. Gillette was a a few years younger—and was youthful in a somewhat artificial way which hinted of masseuses and the most meticulous care of herself. Stanley was proud of both his parents, but he wished that his mother would not treat him in public like a small boy.

"Is my boy going out again tonight?" she asked as they sat down to dinner. She knew perfectly well, and was proud of the fact, that it was Friday night and that the dances for the younger members of the club would be incomplete without her son.

"Yes," said Stanley, shortly, blushing as everyone at the table looked at him. Why was it that one could be a man of affairs outside and yet feel as silly as an infant in one's own home? Stanley was relieved, as Baxton and the second man removed the soup plates, to find that the conversation had drifted away from him.

BEATRICE was seated near the door. Opposite her was a large mirror and Stanley saw that she had crossed her legs. On the pink knee of his enforced partner was the picture of a young man, bearing a faint resemblance to himself, and the initials S. H. G.

"I declare," Mrs. Vechten, wife of his father's partner, was saying, "I don't know what the younger generation is coming to! These little boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen! Why, it's simply horrible, from what they tell me, the way they carry on. And the way the girls dress! Mr. Vechten and I spent a week-end over at Smithtown recently, and our hostess had a small daughter. There was a dance at the club one night, and Beatrice —that was her name—came skipping down the stairs into the living room wearing a little short frock and her stockings rolled below her knees!

"And, my dear," she continued, turning to Mrs. Gillette, "what do you suppose? That little hussy had been to some horrible beauty parlor in town where they were starting a new fad. Maybe you've read about it in the papers. They'd painted two pictures on that child's knees, a young man on each. Why, if she'd been my child, I'd have spanked her right there in the living room and sent her to bed. But her mother just gestured helplessly."

"YES, you would!" broke in Mr. Gillette. "You'd have found the paddling pretty strenuous. I've seen those kids down at the beach, where more of them, if possible, is visible than on the dance floor. And they're well-built youngsters. As a matter of fact, I think the younger generation has a lot in its favor. The modern girl rides and swims and plays tennis, and she's got some muscle instead of a lot of silly ideas. What do you think, son?"

"Yes and no," said Stanley, gravely, a little huffed over Mrs. Vechten's passing allusion to "little boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen." He was only seventeen himself, but about to start his senior year at Stanwix Hall. Certainly, he was sure, no one could call him a little boy.

"You see, sir," he went on, after a pause in which he seemed to be weighing the matter, "the tendency among some of the younger girls is to carry the fashions to an extreme. But we try to be broad-minded. Live and let live! That covers it, I should say, sir. Of course, we have to draw the line somewhere. The young lady of whom Mrs. Vechten was speaking would seem a trifle—well, advanced."

Stanley gazed around the table and lit a cigarette which he had carefully tapped on the back of his thumb. He felt highly elated. He had never gotten off a better little speech in his life. But his father looked a bit crestfallen.

"I see," he said, showing clearly that he did not in the least. He looked at Stanley with a puzzled frown. The conversation for the balance of the dinner concerned politics and dull gossip of the older people of Beechport. Stanley paid scant attention. Eventually they withdrew to the living room for coffee. But it was time for him to be going.

"I say," he murmured—sometimes he affected just a touch of the English manner—"would it be possible for me to break away? I happen to be on the floor committee—frightful bore—and ought to get there a bit early, you know."

He shook hands gravely with the guests, with an added touch of formality for Mrs. Vechten which that lady completely missed. Then he snatched his panama from the rack and ran lightly down the front steps.

It was a lovely night, and he felt a little sad. Life was futile. Being the leader of the younger set was hollow. Why did stupid grown-ups always talk about youth being happy? Could they remember nothing? Stanley sighed. He wished that he were through with school, through with college. He wanted to do big things, to follow the winding road, to know life!

II.

THE ladies' dressing room at the Beechport Country Club buzzed with shrill talk and suppressed merriment. A cloud of daintily scented face powder hung in the air.

"Goodness me!" remarked a small, dark-haired girl to a group that surrounded her. "Can't you put me wise to the lay of the land? What's it all about here? Who're your local sheiks, and what are their preferences? Does one pretend to be tight, or is it the thing this week to be staid, sober, and maidenly? Do the gay young lads insist on going out driving between dances, and, if so, do they drive?"

She crossed the room with a little skip to one of the big mirrors and inspected herself with obvious approval. She could not have been more than five feet tall, and must have weighed less than one hundred pounds. She was dressed in an absurd little yellow frock that contrasted perfectly with her shining black hair. As she swung around to continue her interrogations, her skirt swished up and revealed two small pink knees.

"What I want to know," she concluded, "is whether this is a G. O. F. G. party or a R. S. H. F. dance. When I'm in Rome, I always do as little Romulus wants me to. Get me?"

"We get you," drawled a tall, pretty girl with blonde hair. "We get you most completely and definitely, infant. But, personally, I don't go in for radio and I'm not good at puzzles. What do G. O. F. G. and R. S. H. F. mean? Explain, and I'll put you wise—maybe."

"That 'maybe' doesn't sound very encouraging. But don't all you maidens worry. I never poach permanently on visiting lots. All I want is to be a credit to my family tonight, and not a new design for wallpaper. Wallpaper passed out years ago. G. O. F. G. means, quite naturally, 'Good Old-Fashioned Girl.' Do I forget all I know about Doctor Freud, my *libido*, and the w. k. complexes? Or, on the other hand, is this a 'Rolled-Stocking, Hip-Flask' crowd? Do you subscribe to the freedom of the knees and believe that one's constitution can follow a jag?"

She grinned brightly at the other young women. But there was no answering affability. For some reason the atmosphere was decidedly hostile. One small girl in a green dress sniffed audibly and, in so far as the tightness of her skirt made sailing possible, sailed out into the hall, where a jazz band was already playing. Only the tall girl with the light hair attempted to reply.

"My dear child," she said, "unless I come to the rescue of the hospitality of Beechport, you will probably go back home with the idea that we did not welcome you with the open arms of our young men. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

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"I'll tip you off that you can act any way you like as long as you don't run afoul of the approval of young Mr. Stanley Huntington Gillette. Young Mr. Gillette, though for the life of me I can't see why, has all the rest of the kids completely under his thumb. And if—to mix metaphors, as they say—if that thumb points down when you're doing your stuff, you might just as well roll up your stockings and go home."

"Who's this phenom—the local Valentino?"

"Dear me, no! Anything but. Why, you're not so darn snappy, after all. The Valentino type went out months ago, along with soft shirts for dinner jackets and hair oil. No; Stanley is a perfectly good lad and the pride of Beechport. He's all right, too, except that he takes himself a bit seriously. But then all the rest of the boys and most of the girls take him seriously, too, so I don't suppose he can be blamed. But come on. You've been in here powdering your nose and theorizing long enough. I'll lead you around the ring outside and you can go through your steps."

The two girls gave themselves a final inspection and then joined the others on the dance floor. Twenty or thirty couples were already dancing, and the stag line was beginning to form in one of the doorways. At the end of the room a young man, in a faultlessly fitting dinner coat and white flannel trousers of just the correct width, could be seen talking to the leader of the orchestra. The musician nodded respectfully, and then Stanley came down the floor to where the two girls were standing.

"Ah, good evening, Janet," he said. "You look charming—as usual."

"Still the formal gallant, aren't you?" said Janet Price. "Beatrice, this is Mr. Gillette. Stanley, this is Beatrice Marshall. You two ought to like each other—you're so different!"

Janet smiled and then nodded assent as a youth approached and claimed the next dance. Stanley and Beatrice wandered out on the porch.

"Visitor?" he asked.

"Right the first time. My humble home is quite a piece from the charming village of Beechport. Clear down on the other end of the island, as a matter of fact. Of course, I've driven through here. But this is my first stopover. I'm staying with the Morgans. Ruth Morgan had a headache tonight, so Janet said she'd keep a motherly eye on me at the party. I'll say she has, too."

"WHAT'D she mean by saying we were so different that we'd like each other?"

Beatrice frowned. This had to be answered with caution.

"Don't know," she said. "I don't know what you're like yet, so I don't know what you can be different from; and you don't know me, so you can't tell what I'm different from. Janet doesn't really know me at all, so even she doesn't know what I ought to be different from—if so. But she said you were the pride of Beechport and a model youth, and I have a suspicion that it was a dirty crack, aimed in my direction."

"I fancy not," said Stanley. "After all, it hardly matters. The important thing is for one to be natural, isn't it? If one follows one's own inclinations and is not bothered about what others think, then one is better off—eh?"

"My very thoughts," said Beatrice, with the suspicion of a smile and a gleam of comprehension in her eyes. "Well, let's dance. That music sounds pretty hot. I saw you up there talking to the leader. Did you give directions about the time?"

"Well, not exactly. I told him we didn't want any Charlestons danced tonight, and that if he saw any couples starting it to throw them out by changing to a waltz."

"I gather you don't approve of the Charleston?"

"It's crude and stagy—cheap stuff," ruled the leader of the younger set.

This time it was a fox trot. Stanley found that Beatrice was an excellent dancer. He led her skillfully over the crowded dance floor and admired the way she rested lightly on his arm and intuitively followed his steps. He had a horror of the type so common among boarding school girls—forced to dance with each other at school—who unconsciously attempted to lead even when dancing with men. Leading, on the dance floor or in life, was for the male sex. Just then the music stopped and interrupted his thoughts. It had been a silent dance.

"Your *tempo* is excellent," murmured Beatrice as they finished. "It irritates one, don't you think, to have one's *tempo* jarred by a dancer who doesn't synchronize his steps with the beat of the music?"

Stanley nodded, a little suspiciously. Was she kidding him? He decided not; she was too young. Obviously she had been impressed with his views and had unconsciously imitated his manner. Just then three or four youths rushed up to demand introductions and claim dances with Beatrice. Stanley went back to the porch for a smoke.

Again he felt a trifle melancholy. It would be pleasant to be as young as the girl he had been dancing with—young and carefree and without all the worries of oncoming maturity.

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He sighed as he gazed across the wide lawn with its little checkers of light where the moon penetrated the maples.

He did not dance with her again until the end of the evening. As a concession to the opinions of the elders, Stanley had agreed to have the Friday night dances end at midnight. Privately he thought the limitation a bit childish. But tonight he was just as glad. He had noticed that Beatrice had been very much of a success at the party—that the stag line had watched her with a collective and eagle eye and had repeatedly swept in on her after she had danced but a few steps with a momentarily favored youth. He decided that he would claim the last dance himself. He had decreed that there should be no cutting-in on the last dance. Then he would take her home.

"Good time?" he asked in a fatherly way as he helped her into the seat of his mother's coupe and snapped shut the door. "Nice lot of kids at these little dances."

Beatrice nodded, again looking at him with that disconcerting shadow of a grin as he stepped on the starter. She wondered what he would do in this moonlight—wondered with the curiosity of a scientist with a new specimen.

"AND you, did you spend a profitable evening? Or was it all rather a bore?"

"No bore at all. Of course, these parties are a bit youthful. But it wasn't a bore—particularly not the first and last dances."

"What refreshing Old World courtesy," she said, snuggling down into the seat and just perceptibly in the direction of the youth beside her. "Generally they tell me that I'm the snake's hips or some such crude thing."

The drive to the Morgan home, where Beatrice was staying, was a short one. Stanley, usually a rather reckless if skillful driver, had been keeping his eyes carefully on the road. Although the night was cool, he felt a trifle warm. Conversation had languished. Beatrice was silent as they reached their destination. She looked up at Stanley as he helped her from the car and took her to the house.

"You'll be here for the next dance?" he asked, wondering why he had fallen down on the job of being an escort. Fallen down, he obviously had. There was something wrong. Beatrice drew the fur collar of her evening wrap around her throat until only her dark eyes and black hair were visible.

"I'll be here for a week," she said slowly.

"Good."

"Mr. Gillette," she then amazed him by bursting out, "I'm worried about you. You're a victim of your unconscious. You are, to use terms that you are more likely to understand, a poor fish. Or, as Doctor Freud would have put it, you suffer from a delusion of grandeur. But maybe it's just bashfulness. Perhaps I can convey my meaning if I say you are a stuffed shirt and that you need a shock! And you're going to get it, from little Beatrice. Goodnight!"

The door of the Morgan home banged in his face. She was gone. Stanley stood for a minute or two gazing at the door. What was the matter? What had she been saying? Freud? Complexes? Delusions of grandeur? These were terms he had heard the older crowd at the club use with careless frequency. But what on earth was this small girl suddenly sore about? What had she wanted? He reviewed

"So you took the little jane home last night? You didn't talk ten words! Well, well!" Tommy turned with an expansive wink.

in his mind the dance and the ride home. Had she expected him to kiss her?

Stanley blushed again, for the second time that evening. He never engaged in necking. His position as leader of the younger set had made him aware, of course, that it was done on occasion. But he had never made inquiries. A man's private life, within certain limitations, was nobody's business. Stanley shrugged his shoulders after a final look at the house to see whether she would reappear and then drove slowly home.

III.

STANLEY awoke next morning with the uncomfortable feeling that he had muffed something the night before. His experiences with girls had been fairly extensive. Either they could not talk at all, or they would not. But neither type had bothered him before. His treatment of the contemporary female sex had been one of rather amused condescension. Hitherto it had been effective.

His father had breakfasted earlier and had gone out for a morning round of golf. He had left word that he would like to have his son join him at the club for lunch. There was a junior polo match on that afternoon, and Stanley was captain of the Beechport team. Polo was another of the innovations he had introduced as leader of the younger set. It had been highly successful. The team, composed of the younger boys, was fast and hard playing even if a bit crude in its stroking.

"Heard this morning there was a new girl at the party last night," said Mr. Gillette as his son joined him on the dining porch at noon.

"Yes, sir," said Stanley.

"Meet her?"

"Yes."

"Hot baby?"

STANLEY frowned. He wished that his father would not persist in using what he mistakenly considered the latest slang. It was scarcely good taste in a man of his years.

"Hardly, sir," he said. "Seemed a nice little thing."

"So? A nice little thing, eh? Well, she's the girl Mrs. Vechten was talking about at dinner last night. Old Jones played around with our foursome this morning and said his son came home babbling about her. Said she was hot stuff. Did she have a picture of the Prince of Wales painted on her knee?"

Stanley wriggled. He appreciated the fact that his father was making a desperate effort to be friendly. But these Saturday luncheons always made him feel uncomfortable. He realized in a dim way that his father was quite as unhappy—that he was gallantly striving to bridge the chasm that lies between the ages of fifty and seventeen, and that he was again going about it in the wrong way.

His father and he got along splendidly as long as the conversation concerned golf, or polo, or baseball. But not girls. A daughter may talk with her father about boys with entire freedom. Some few sons can so discuss girls with their mothers. But it is one of the strange freaks of nature that a son and his father can rarely achieve this contact.

"I didn't see her knees," Stanley finally said. "How could I have seen her knees, father? I danced with her only twice and then took her home after the party. She seemed to be a very nice girl, but we didn't hit it off particularly. I never connected her with what Mrs. Vechten was talking about at dinner. In fact, sir, I

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[BEE'S KNEES
Continued from Page Forty-one]

didn't pay very much attention to what Mrs. Vechten was talking about, I'm afraid."

Mr. Gillette looked troubled. He knew that his son was withdrawing into his shell. Several months before, Mr. Gillette had read a book entitled Are You Making a Pal of Your Son? The Saturday luncheons had followed. They were satisfactory enough as long as the conversation ran along the safely established lines of sport and school.

But the author of the book had devoted an entire chapter to Making a Confidant of Your Son. Mr. Gillette sighed and shrugged his shoulders. Obviously he was not. But why worry about it? Stanley was a good kid. The balance of the meal passed well enough. Mr. Gillette asked his son's advice about an annoying slice that had developed in his game that morning.

"Polo this afternoon?" he asked as he lit a cigar.

"You bet," said Stanley, forgetting that in books about English school life fathers were always addressed as "sir." "It's going to be a good match, too. The team, you know, is from the Drypoint Military, at the summer camp up in Connecticut. They tell me they're riding fools, Dad, and that we'll have to hump ourselves."

"That won't hurt you. Just be careful. I don't trust those stable grooms any too much. You're captain of the team and responsible. I wish you'd examine the saddle girths on the ponies yourself before you start."

"Sure," said Stanley with a little flush of pride. "That's a darn good idea. And I guess I'd better be dressing, if you don't mind. Are you going to watch?"

"Watch? Why, of *course* I'm going to watch. Why, I've placed fifty bucks that you'll win."

"Honest? Say, that's pretty swell of you. You just watch our dust, Dad! So long—see you later."

"What a damned fool book that was!" grunted Mr. Gillette as he watched his son clatter down the porch and toward the locker room.

STANLEY walked briskly in as his teammates were already beginning to pry themselves into white breeches and riding boots. Tommy Blacksmore was, as usual, vainly hunting for his helmet. He turned to grin at Stanley.

"So you took the new little jane home last night?" he remarked. "Hot stuff, Stan? She's fallen for you pretty hard, too. Janet filled her up with a lot of tosh about you before the dance started, and she tried to pump all of us during the evening. But we didn't tell her much. Does she neck?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Stanley, stiffly. "I've got more important things to think about."

"Well," said Tommy, "I'll lay you a little bet you're going to do some heavy thinking about little Bee. Me, I know women from long experience. And I spotted her right from the start as one of those gals who get their man. And you're he—him—my boy, so you'd better watch your step."

"I said I'd more important things to think about," snapped Stanley. "One of them's this game. If you fellows are going out there thinking about the party last night, we'll get trimmed as sure as anything. I danced twice with Miss Marshall and took her home. We didn't talk ten words on the ride."

"Oh! You didn't talk ten words! Well, well!"

Tommy turned with an expansive wink at the other youths in the room. Stanley reddened. He realized he had said the wrong thing. Subdued cheers came up from behind lockers.

"Shut up and snap into it!" he ordered sharply, to hide his confusion. "We start in ten minutes. I'm going outside."

The Drypoint Academy team lived up to its reputation. The Beechport four discovered, a few minutes after play had begun, that they were being outridden. The visiting ponies, for one thing, were of a better breed. And the boys from the military school rode with a reckless daring that left Stanley and his men falling back on the defensive. It was only because their defense was unusually good that the score was not higher.

As it was, Drypoint made ten goals and Beechport only two.

"Never mind," consoled Mr. Gillette when his crestfallen son returned to the club after the game. "You didn't have a chance, but you were all of you game, and you didn't give up, either."

"Sorry, Dad," said Stanley. "Sorry about the fifty bucks, too."

"Forget it! What's fifty between friends? Miss Marshall here thinks you're pretty grand."

With a start, Stanley turned to face Beatrice. She was seated beside his father, and he had not noticed her. He bowed rather stiffly, with vivid recollections of the night before.

"I said your game was fine," corrected Beatrice. "But I've seen better team play, at that. We've got four girls over at Smithtown who're not so bad. I guess you could trim us, though."

"We'll have to arrange an exhibition match some time," suggested Mr. Gillette. "Maybe

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"Yes. I've been used to horses all my life, and my father started me at polo when I was a kid. No, we won't take a handicap. But I'm afraid we can't arrange anything this year, as two of the girls have to go back to school this week."

Stanley murmured that he was sure that a match would be well worth while. He wondered how long Beatrice had been sitting with his father, and what they had been talking about. He had an uncomfortable suspicion that he had been the subject of the conversation. His father, he knew, had a disconcerting ability to inspire young girls to pour out their hearts.

Beatrice looked very demure this afternoon. She wore what seemed to Stanley a sort of Quaker dress of blue, with a skirt that reached nearly to her ankles and with a little white collar. She seemed strangely mature, poised, and certain of herself. Stanley asked his father whether he was coming home then for dinner. Beatrice declined their invitation to be driven home with them, saying that she was waiting for Mrs. Morgan, with whom she was stopping.

IV.

HIS tie refused to be tied. Stanley Huntington Gillette glared at himself in the mirror, frowned at the narrow black satin band which by now was sadly crumpled, and swore a good round oath that would have made his mother half faint with surprise and his father, in all probability, grin with delight.

It was again Friday night, and Stanley was dressing for the dance. But gone was the cool self-assurance of the week before. For the first time in his life he was conscious of extreme nervousness. He had frequently been frankly scared during his seventeen years. On the occasion of his first schoolboy fight, for instance, and the time when he had just slipped from the back of a runaway horse as it dashed through the barn door with the vicious intention of scraping him from the saddle.

But he could not recall having experienced before this feeling of apprehension—the conviction that he was in for something that night which was going to be extremely unpleasant and impossible to handle. The past week had been more or less uneventful. He had seen Beatrice only infrequently; once on a bridle path with a group of other girls on horseback. She had saluted gravely with her riding crop. The second time he had watched from the shelter of the porch while she played an amazingly fast game of tennis on one of the club courts.

Stanley remembered, of course, and with more than a little displeasure, her remarks after he had escorted her home on the occasion of the dance the week before. Well—nothing had happened. At least, not yet.

Beatrice was due to return home the next day, and she had not delivered the jolt she had promised after her mysterious remarks about his complexes. Or was he now on the brink of that jolt? He would feel easy enough in mind but for the fact that a few hours earlier Mrs. Morgan had called up to say that she would appreciate it very much if Stanley would take Beatrice to the dance. Her little guest was a stranger in Beechport, Mrs. Morgan had explained.

Beatrice a stranger? Stanley did not believe that. Not after the third dance at the party last week. Every man at the club had danced with her by then. What lay back of the request, which, he felt certain, Beatrice had inspired? He could not refuse, of course.

Everyone knew that, usually, because of his duties as chairman of the floor committee, he went stag. It would be insulting to decline to escort Beatrice. With a sudden inner burst of honesty, he admitted to himself that he did not wholly want to refuse, even though he dreaded it. But this damned tie wouldn't tie! Finally he got it adjusted after a fashion and went down to dinner.

"So charming of you to take me," murmured Beatrice as he again helped her into the coupe. "One's last dance should always be the best, not to say the most exciting, don't you think?"

There was, Stanley felt, a suspicious gleam in her eye. But he admitted that she looked rather nice tonight, in a sort of opera cloak wound around her party dress and reaching almost to the ground. She looked as she had when talking with his father on the porch of the club—demure. And yet potent!

Silence between Beatrice and Stanley was becoming habitual. Again they found little to say during the drive to the club. Beatrice was apparently in the best of spirits and hummed a little tune. Her escort left her at the door to the ladies' dressing room and went into the lounge for a cigarette. He immediately regretted having done so. Tommy, Spike Bradley, and Ed Sutton were there.

"Ah," said Tommy, "she's got you, I see—just as I predicted."

"Poor old Stanley," sighed Spike. "So the gossip is true!"

"Shut up," said Stanley. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"We are informed," said Ed, in a high-pitched voice, pretending to read from a weekly that specialized in chatter about local society, "that one of our most promising young bachelors is seen very frequently in the company of a charming young woman from Smithtown. But for the extreme youth of the young couple, it is whispered, a gold piece might soon be tendered, for services given, to one of the Beechport vicars."

But Stanley, crimson to his ears, had not waited for the end. His three tormentors slapped each other uproariously and whispered together. Outside, on the dance floor, the music had already started. Stanley waited impatiently for Beatrice to appear. She seemed an eternity. He would dance the first dance with her, of course. Since he had brought her, this could not be avoided. But the stag line would shortly be functioning, and then he could escape to the dark shelter of the porch and be alone.

BUT now that she had come out, with a little smile of confidence that somehow annoyed him, it seemed as though he had been dancing for hours. Last week he had admired the ease with which she had followed his lead. Tonight one of them was sadly out of form. As he mumbled an apology for again stepping on her toes, Stanley had an uncomfortable conviction that he was the one to blame.

The dance floor at the club had never previously seemed large. Tonight, Stanley could have sworn, it was seven miles in circumference. He was conscious that his tie was crooked, that his shirt bulged, and that his hair was mussed. Once he caught his heel in the cuff of his twenty-two-inch trousers.

What on earth was it all about, he thought, as he mopped his forehead during a brief intermission? Why didn't the stags cut in? Why did the line simply stand there with a collective grin? He had now danced three interminable dances with Beatrice without a single interruption. Last week the cut-ins had been continuous. But, if Stanley was hot and unhappy, Beatrice was the picture of serenity and ease. He gave a sigh of relief as she said that she must powder her nose. He almost ran out to the club porch.

"Well, well—S. H. G.!" came a whisper that he could not identify and which was followed by a snort of merriment. "A good resemblance, too!"

Stanley gulped. S. H. G. His initials, obviously. But no one had ever called him by them before. Good resemblance? What did that mean? This dance was getting to be a nightmare. He went inside.

The music had not started again and Beatrice was seated near the door. Opposite her was a large wall mirror and as Stanley approached he saw that she had crossed her legs. Then a wave of comprehension swept over him. He recalled the conversation of Mrs. Vechten at dinner the previous week. For on the pink knee of his enforced partner was the picture of a young man, bearing just a faint resemblance to himself, and under it the initials S. H. G. Stanley squared his shoulders, carefully mopped his face, and approached her. He was thinking hard.

"SORRY, really, I kept you waiting," he said gallantly. "I was smoking. I say, it's hot tonight, isn't it? How about a little ride instead of dancing the next one?"

Beatrice nodded and they went out to the car. She failed to notice that Stanley held her arm with an unnecessarily tight grip, as though fearing she might run away. Without a word he started the motor and they drove off. The car soon reached a stretch of straight road and he stepped on the accelerator. They had gone about two miles when he turned off into a side road that led down to the sea.

"Where're you going?" the girl asked.

"Just down here a piece. Wait and see."

"Get out here," he ordered as he jammed on the brakes.

"What?"

"Get out and make it snappy. We're right by the ocean. I'll wait here while you take this handkerchief and rub that damned picture off your knee. I'm wise now. This was all framed up tonight—my taking you to the dance, the embargo from the stag line, and all the rest. You said you'd give me a jolt and maybe you did."

But the girl did not move. Stanley frowned at her and then grinned. He felt uncomfortable no longer. He took out his watch and held it in the light of the dashboard lamp. Then he reached in a pocket on the door of the car and brought out an oily piece of cotton waste.

"Well," he said, "I'll give you sixty seconds. If you don't get out and wash up I'll rub that picture off myself—with this gasoline rag. You may be, in your own opinion, a first rate polo player. But you're a little shrimp and I can handle you. We're two miles from any house. Get out, now, or I'll use the rag and then you'll have a nice aroma of machine oil around you when we go back, and the stag line won't cut in for a very different reason than earlier in the evening."

"Kiss me," murmured Beatrice.

"Not on your life," said Stanley, straightening his tie and getting the correct touch the first time as he looked at himself in the wind shield. "Why, you poor little boob, you're a year late. That expression, 'The Bee's Knees,' went out at least a year ago. Make it snappy, now. Get out! And then we're going back to the party!"

"Huh!" he grunted to himself and tapped a cigarette on the back of his thumb as she made her way to the beach.

THE END

Liberty's Radio Listeners

DIRECT STATION WLIB

Unique Policy Permits Everybody to Send Suggestions

$10 *for* Every Letter Published *on* This Page

LIBERTY invites its readers to send in suggestions for the improvement of radio broadcasting. We have opened Station WLIB and want it to be, like Liberty, for everybody. We want it to have a universal appeal!

Radio listeners, who are the "consumers" of broadcasting, have a right to be well entertained. They have the right to twirl the dials elsewhere if they're not satisfied. Liberty desires to get their views and operate Station WLIB for all of its listeners.

We, therefore, invite you to send in your suggestions, opinions, or criticisms, for the betterment of the programs, mechanics, and technical details of Station WLIB. Each week we'll publish a page of letters received for which $10 apiece will be paid. We print this week another page of letters recently received by Station WLIB.

Perhaps you have an idea in mind that will prove of great benefit to broadcasting stations. Write on whatever topic you wish. You do not have to be a listener of WLIB to offer suggestions. Although our station is powerful enough to reach every part of the country it may be shut out occasionally by local interference.

Here's your chance to help manage one of the nation's largest broadcasts. Write as long or as short a letter as you care to. It makes no difference where you live or what your tastes may be.

Station WLIB is located at Chicago and broadcasts on a wave length of 302.8 meters. It is fully equipped with its own director, talented artists, orchestras, and technical experts. Write TODAY!

Write to Radio Editor, Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

CLASSICAL OR JAZZ?

Dear Sir: In a contest held by a broadcasting station in St. Louis this year, the listeners showed their favoritism for old-time and classical programs. Similar contests have been held all over the country with the same results. After testing for months another station found that it is the classical programs that are desired. Beyond a doubt this vast majority of the radio-listening horde must be satisfied. Most good stations have realized this, and have complied with this desire.

GORDON R. ALLEN,
1359 E. 52d St., Chicago, Ill.

FROM KEROSENE LAMP TO BRIGHT LIGHTS

Gentlemen: In the ideal radio program I like an orchestra that can play a rollicking jazz tune that will carry me clear away from my little old one-tube radio and kerosene lamp, to bright lights, beautiful gowns, and dancing feet. The singers may moan me some blues, and some jazzy songs, but don't forget some of the sweet old songs. Then the organ to play me a dreamy waltz and I'm ready for bed.

MRS. CHARLOTTE K. SHEPARD,
R. F. D. 2, Kentland, Ind.

RADIO TOASTMASTER

Gentlemen: I believe that the announcer is to a radio program what a toastmaster is to a banquet. He can add intensely to the spirit, atmosphere, or what have you, of the program. The announcer should have an easy friendliness with his audience, rather than being coldly methodical, or almost mechanical in his announcements.

MISS EVALYN JOHNSON,
74 N. Batavia Ave., Batavia, Ill.

WLIB, U.S.A.

Dear Sir: I am at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital after my return from Australia with the United States fleet. During my travels I enjoyed many Liberty programs. We were able to get WLIB some few hundred miles off the coast of California. We certainly appreciated your program after twenty-one days at sea.

HARRY H. WARD,
Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill.

THE BEST DX PROGRAMS

Dear Sir: When your station is observing silent nights, doubtless many of your friends are at a loss to determine just what outside programs would be most interesting, and many fine programs are missed while they are fishing around for something pleasing.

Just before signing off for silent night wouldn't it be a good idea for your announcer to call attention to the best programs offered by outside stations?

ROSCOE C. WRIGHT,
Care of Seed Trade News, 60 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

A RADIO RODEO

Gentlemen: Hold your reins tight and sit in your saddle straight for the Radio Round-Up! Why not hold a "radio rodeo" and corral a herd of good talent? Have it a round-up of jazz and fun.

E. J. CARR,
Sumner, Miss.

FOR A "QUESTION BOX"

WLIB: As I listen to your programs coming in over the air I can truthfully say that the variety of it is most pleasing. We all enjoy keeping up with the popular new song and dance numbers, and the varying ways you use in giving these to us certainly kills boredom. Why not open a "question box" for certain nights a week, and have it open for questions on any subjects you think most interesting for discussion over the radio? I believe it would greatly enhance the popularity of Station WLIB.

MARGARET B. MILLER,
Box 237, Winona, Minn.

INTERNATIONAL HOOK-UP

Dear Sirs: It struck me that it would add a certain amount of novelty to the entertainment furnished by WLIB if, on occasions, it would rebroadcast programs from distant stations, say, from one of our Canadian stations.

A. Y. FRAME,
19 Fielding Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

GIVE 'EM THE MIKE!

Gentlemen: I will give you my idea of how to arrange a good program. Have plenty of trio and chamber music, with comic opera airs and classical music, at given hours; some with instrumental solos. If you cannot get away from the would-be nightingales, don't let them take up the greatest part of the time with their vibrato stuff, as that comes in like cats on a roof. Ninety per cent of the listeners exclaim "rats" as soon as they start and tune in something else. If you can find anyone who sings with a good, smooth voice, give 'em the mike. They come in fine. If the general run of singers knew the remarks on their performances they would quit in shame.

I would not answer telegrams. For every Mr. and Mrs. Applesauce who want their telegram read, and hear broadcast their vainglorious name, there are five hundred thousand who don't seek such cheap advertising. I could mention several stations that broadcast three or four hours every night, and spend most of the time reading telegrams about "coming in fine" or "clear" or "coming in great."

News of the world is a good card to play, so is a good minstrel show once in a while. But the main thing to hold an invisible audience is a fixed time for every kind of program.

JOHN HODGSON,
Newell, S. D.

P. S.—An old musician, 65 years old.

THANK YOU!

Gentlemen: Without any attempt to flatter or to offer any undue compliment, I wish to state that there is no program broadcast today which grips the listener-in stronger than that of WLIB. We enjoy the good fellowship of the announcer and we get the thrill of pep and variety in a very marked degree. Since WLIB came on the air there has surely been entertainment for everybody, just as the announcer says of Liberty Weekly—a magazine for everybody.

DURANT C. GILE,
Edgerton, Wis.

Monopolizing Football

The Public's Exclusion from College Games Opens Way for Great New Professional Sport

By HUGH FULLERTON

© P. & A.

MORE than twenty-five million persons, it is conservatively estimated, paid to see college and school football games in 1925. Demand for tickets to see the great teams—Dartmouth, Michigan, Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Chicago, Illinois, California, and Stanford—was so great that not one person in three desiring to witness the battles could secure admission.

Approximately four hundred and twenty thousand men and two hundred and fifteen thousand women are in the colleges and professional schools of the United States. They comprise, roughly, one-half of one per cent of the population. And there are about one million six hundred thousand students in the high and preparatory schools.

In other words, less than four per cent of the total population is composed of college men and women, past and present. Yet football, hailed as the greatest of all games, is practically the monopoly of the colleges, and more than one hundred million Americans are barred from seeing the game which has become the autumnal obsession of the United States.

Professional football, games between hired players, most of whom were college stars, is gaining ground, and notably so through the recent decision of Harold (Red) Grange of Illinois to enter the professional game.

The day after the great "Gray Ghost" of the Illini surrendered his amateur status and accepted a fortune to become a professional nearly thirty thousand persons paid to witness a game on the Polo Grounds in New York. The moment it was announced that Grange, Britton, and other stars would play with the Chicago Bears the demand for tickets was so great prices went to a premium.

Never before, during the years of struggle to establish football professionally in the United States, has there been anything like the interest that is shown this season. The teams of the Professional Football League have drawn greater crowds, in spite of bad weather, than ever before; and the promoters claim football as a professional sport is on a sound basis.

President Joe Carr, who has struggled many years to build up a following for the professional game, declares that it is America's coming fall and winter sport, and will outrival the college game in interest when the great mass of the public, which never has had a chance to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Harold (Red) Grange, erstwhile star of the University of Illinois, carrying the ball in his first professional game as a member of the Chicago Bears last Thanksgiving Day. Above, Grange in his professional uniform.

-good golf -good motoring in no-winter Cali-fornia

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The California Limited — always exclusively first-class — has set the standard for 31 years.

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Send me Santa Fe picture-folders of winter trip to California.

.....

.....

[MONOPOLIZING FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Forty-five]

buy a ticket to see the college stars in action, is given a chance.

Carr's dream is that, within the next ten years, football of the professional kind will not only afford amusement and thrills for the great masses of the people but will furnish college stars highly paid employment after their graduation.

Furthermore, President Carr contends professional football will inspire thousands of boys who have no hope of ever going to college, and, accordingly, do not cultivate the game, to become expert players. This fact will exert, he believes, a great and lasting influence upon the physical development and the health of the average American. He also insists it will do more than anything else to restore the physical superiority which belonged to Americans up to the beginning of the so-called "softening era" twenty years ago.

P. & A. Photo

"Swede" Oberlander, Dartmouth football star, who refused to turn professional before his college term ends.

PROFESSIONAL football, fought desperately by the colleges and by advocates of amateurism, seems at last to be smashing through the barriers of prejudice. The decision of Grange and other college stars to play professionally was bitterly criticized by many college authorities, coaches (themselves professionals), and other advocates of pure amateurism. These men regard the act of Grange in leaving his college before graduation and playing for money as a blow to the game. They declare that hundreds of thousands of boys who have looked up to, admired, and drawn their inspiration from Grange were shocked and that their ideals were shattered when he became a professional.

Personally, being a believer in pure amateurism and in the college sport, Grange's decision was a shock. Yet I can see the other side of the question clearly.

Grange received offers which should net him considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars in a few months. In addition, his income from a Florida real estate company, from lending his name to ads, and from other sources should be almost as great.

Grange, unless he loses his head, should clear up a quarter of a million dollars in the next two years. By that time another Grange may have arisen.

Whether one mourns the breaking of an idol or not, he must admit that, from a financial standpoint, Grange would have missed a fortune.

Until this fall the Professional Football League has adhered to its determination not to tamper with college football stars until they had left college. President Carr insisted upon this, forbade the owners of teams in his league to approach college players, and they stuck to it.

Grange, with the great publicity poured on him, and "Swede" Oberlander of Dartmouth proved too great a temptation. The evidence is that any number of promoters were seeking their services and offering them sums that make Babe Ruth's salary seem like chicken feed.

PERHAPS the whole controversy is summed up in the cases of Grange and Oberlander. The Dartmouth star, offered almost as much as Grange, replied:

"No; it is not for the best interests of Dartmouth or of the game."

Oberlander will have his "D," his degree, and the applause of all college men. Grange will have a fortune, gathered in a few years, after which he expects to enter a life work. Twenty years from now perhaps we can tell which decided most wisely.

Grange's case, however, brings forth another issue. In America, where there is no sharp distinction in social classes, the line between the amateur and the professional is an intricate meander. Grange could have delivered ice from a wagon all summer, and have held his "class," but the moment he accepted money for doing what he does best, and what he likes best to do, he lost caste as an amateur.

A golfer, a college baseball or tennis player, may play with or against professionals and still be an amateur, provided he does not accept recompense. But if a college football player plays with or against professionals, he loses his standing—in spite of which the teams of California and Stanford, pure amateurs, play games with the Olympic Club, and it does not affect their ratings.

In England teams of "gentle-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

men" may play football against professional teams without prejudice. A "gentleman" player may even play for his city or county on a team, the other members of which are paid. The only difference is they are Jones and Smith and he is "Mister."

The whole problem of amateurism is muddled. The colleges of the United States have made desperate efforts for years to clean up professionalism, and just when they seemed to have succeeded, the professional league launches a threat to put stronger teams in the field than any college can develop. But President Carr claims that the professional game, instead of hurting, will help colleges solve their problems.

© P. & A.

"Red" Grange (in the right foreground) being tackled after making the longest run of his first professional game against the Cardinals, at the Cubs' Park in Chicago.

"COLLEGES claim," he says, "that they have not room, even in their great stadii, to accommodate even half of those who want to buy tickets. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Chicago, and a score of other schools, restrict sales of tickets to undergraduates and alumni. They even require them to swear the tickets are for their personal use. The great public, which would like to see football games, is entirely excluded. In Boston the general public may not even buy tickets to the minor games.

"Hundreds of thousands of persons wanted to see Grange and were barred from buying seats at big prices. Hundreds of thousands would like to see other stars play. We are not competing with the colleges, but developing high-class teams, playing clean, hard football. We offer a chance for all athletes to make the teams, and the rewards are high.

"We are not tampering with college players. In fact, we prefer they stay and finish their college careers. They will develop into better players. Then, when they complete their college courses, if they want to play a few more years, the professional league gives them a chance to make good money, while getting settled in their life businesses or professions. In fact, most of the college men on our teams are playing football in order to tide them over their first lean years of making a livelihood.

"Our teams are superior to college teams, play better and more scientific football, because they know more football. College coaches will testify that it requires two or three years to teach players to play the game properly. We get them after three years of college training and it stands to reason they are better. Besides, they are more mature, stronger, and less liable to injury, because of that fact and the further fact they have learned how to handle themselves."

President Carr's statement regarding the quality of football is borne out by a statement made by the late Walter Camp after he had watched a game between two professional teams in Chicago.

"That is the best football I ever saw," he remarked. "The players know more and understand the game better than college men do. Mind, I do not approve of professional football, but the play is better than in the schools."

Red Grange bears testimony to the same effect. Speaking on the day following his initial fling in professional football, the Illini star said:

"Collegiate football is one thing, but I have just discovered that the sport as played by the Bears and Cardinals is something else altogether. The way the Cards and Bears played the game I doubt if any college team in the country could beat either eleven."

President Carr's dream is that the United States will become like Great Britain in football. He believes the day is coming when the ninety-six per cent of the population which now has no chance to attend college games will pack huge stadii in a dozen of our largest cities, and when those crowds will rival—and perhaps exceed—the great gatherings that witness the finals of the British championship. There, each year, from a hundred and twenty-five thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand persons see the finish of the season.

AMERICANS have scant knowledge of the greatness of British football interest.

Each fall, in almost every town, village, and district in Great Britain, "workmen's clubs" are formed—the object being to see the Derby and the finals of the football season. A treasurer or manager is elected. Each week the workmen contribute sixpence or more. By the end of the year the manager has a big purse. He buys railroad tickets, food, seats for the game, and the entire club goes on a holiday junket.

Practically every section of the kingdom is represented.

The result is the largest crowds that assemble in the world to watch sports, a great celebration, and a holiday of which they can talk for a year.

Dr. Harry A. March, secretary of the New York professional club, as well as President Carr, believes the day is coming when, if the finals in football are between two great cities, the crowds attending will come from all parts of America, and dwarf the crowds attending world's series baseball.

As to the quality of play, there is no doubt. The professionals know more football. The college advocates declare the pros lack the spirit, the drive, the desperate resolve of the college man who is willing to die for his Alma Mater. But there are some who think the professionals, under the incentive of big salaries and for the sake of their reputations, will fight as hard for their clubs as they ever did for their colleges.

IN the games I have witnessed between professionals, the college colors, the spontaneous cheering, the loyal rooting, have been largely absent. It must be remembered, however, that, thus far in the development of the professional game, the spectators have been largely ignorant of the sport, and of the ethics and customs. Games between the Cardinals and the Bears in Chicago, where the rivalry between the North and South Side teams is intense, have had color, spirit, and fight—and not always nice, clean fighting, either.

As to whether the professional players hit a line as hard, take the chances college men do, is a question. I have seen some half turn and roll into a line instead of driving into it full force. The pros know better how to avoid injury.

Knute Rockne, famous Notre Dame coach, tells a yarn which may throw light on the question. Knute played professional football with a team at Fort Wayne, Indiana, after graduating from Notre Dame, and the first game he played was against Jim Thorpe's Canton, Ohio, team. On the first play the Indian came around Knute's end. Knute smashed through and threw Jim for a five-yard loss. As they were getting up Jim asked:

"What is the big idea, Mr. Rockne?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Knute, puzzled.

"Do you see all those people in the stands?" asked Jim, circling his arm about and pointing, "They all came to see old Jim run."

"I don't play it that way," remarked Rockne, shortly. On the next play, Thorpe came around Knute's end again. Let Knute tell what happened:

"I felt something hit me, and turned over

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MONOPOLIZING FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

two or three times. When I sat up, dazed and wondering what had happened, they were driving the Indian out of bounds forty yards down the field. I wabbled back to my place in the line and Jim came over, patted me on the back, and said:

"'Thank you, Mr. Rockne, I knew you'd let old Jim run.'"

There are dangers. The big danger to professional football lies in the officials. It has been difficult for the professionals to secure the services of experienced officials, because the colleges have frowned upon them if they worked in the professional games. The class, however, is improving and, with the boom of the game this season, the league claims it can get good men.

One nearly serious riot marred a contest in Chicago, due to fighting among the players, which is yet another matter.

The professional game, of course, is new, and has many problems to overcome.

But with sixty thousand persons demanding tickets to the first game Grange played in Chicago, and with great crowds wanting to see him, the boom is on, and the promoters must keep it on a high plane or it cannot last.

It remains to be seen whether the players will die for dear old Green Bay, or dear old Coral Gables, as well as for dear old Rutgers. If they will they will build up a following of their own and will relieve the colleges of the much complained of overdemand for tickets.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Didn't Realize It Was Dead!

My friend with his wife and two girls of seven and four years had just moved to a suburb. A farmer had sold the wife a live chicken. She killed it and prepared it according to the regulation housewife recipe. The children had never witnessed this operation before. Previously chickens had come from the city butcher dressed, ready for the oven.

When father came home in the evening the girls excitedly began telling him they were to have chicken for dinner, and how mother had prepared it. The younger insisted upon telling about mother wringing the chicken's head off. But the older girl could not wait for her turn to tell and burst into the conversation with "and yes, sir! It took it the longest time to realize it was dead."—J. C. S., Chicago.

* * *

That's a Puzzling Situation

Four-year-old Anne, who had just learned the art of sewing, was sitting in the next room very quiet. I called to her to find out what she was doing, and she said she was sewing. About half an hour later I happened to go through the room, and I noticed that she was sewing as fast as if her life depended on it, so I said, "Anne, why are you sewing so fast?"

She looked at me with a worried expression on her face and said, "I's just hurryin' to finish this dress before my thread is all gone, because grandma told me not to bother her any more to thread my needle."—B. H., Denver, Colo.

* * *

Not Quarreling

My sister was playing out in the yard with a little school friend. Hearing a noise, I called out, "Rose, you shouldn't quarrel with your little friend."

"Oh, we're not quarreling," she assured me. "We're just making believe we're two old-maid sisters."—Mrs. G. M. W., Holyoke, Mass.

Coming Down Like a Lady

A young woman was entertaining callers one evening, when her sister came down the stairway in a noisy manner.

"Frances," said the annoyed elder sister, "you came downstairs so that it could be heard all over the house. Now, go back and come down properly."

Frances retired and in a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, Margie?" she asked anxiously.

"No, dear; this time you came down like a lady."

"Yes'm," explained Frances; "this time I slid down the banister."—F. L. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

He Kept the Secret

Bobby's mother was in the habit of putting him on a branch line street car each morning to go to kindergarten and the conductor always saw he got off safely at the right corner.

So one afternoon when he got on by himself the conductor thought it was strange, although he had the proper fare, and questioned him as to his destination.

"Where are you going, Bobby?" the conductor inquired.

"I das'n't tell you," replied Bobby.

"Why not?" asked the conductor.

"'Cause it's a surprise party," returned the little fellow.—A. H., Clinton, Ia.

* * *

Don't Buy from Peddlers

A school principal taking up a collection for flowers from the faculty walked into the kindergarten of the school. The principal had just successfully solicited a donation from the kindergarten teacher and was passing out, when Johnny piped: "Teacher, I wouldn't buy anything from that man. Mother always says to buy in the stores, and not from those peddlers."—F. H. B., Glen Rock, N. J.

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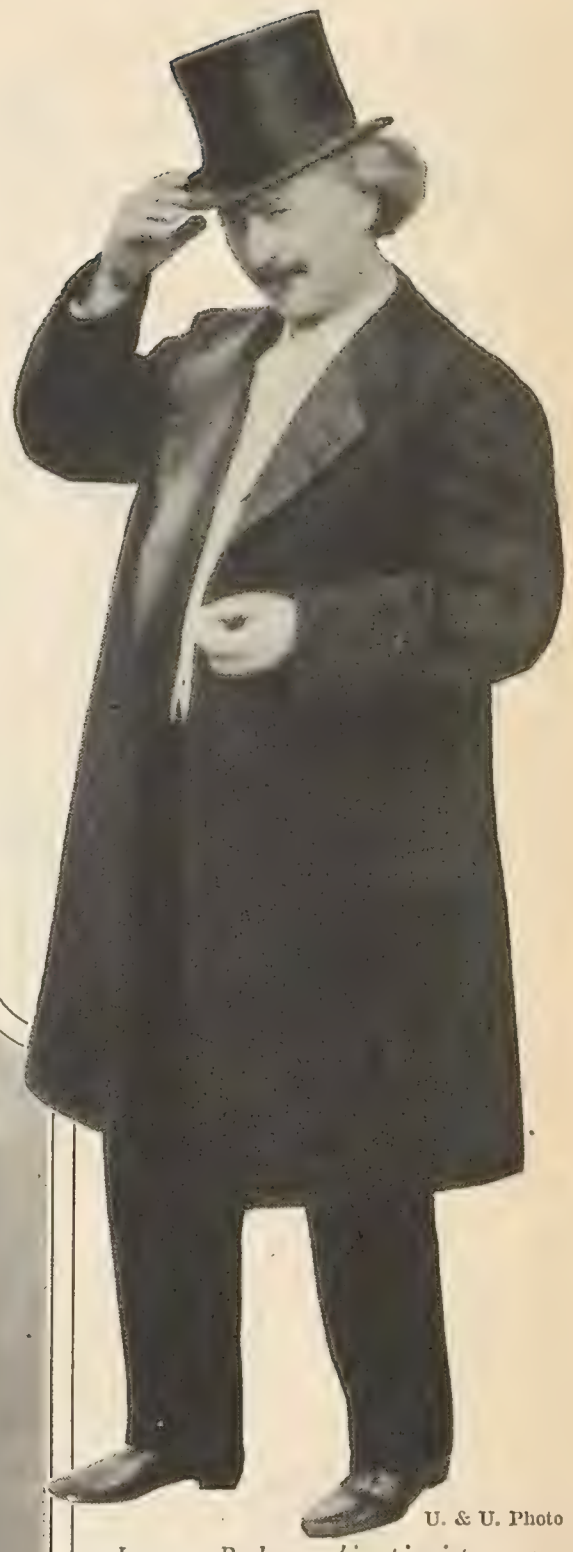
Melodies and Memories

The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

By MELBA



U. & U. Photo

Ignace Paderewski, pianist, composer, and statesman, whom Melba says she would have accepted as husband had he proposed to her.

PART ELEVEN

HAVING told how Paderewski went boating in a high silk hat, it is only fair to tell a story against myself. One day my sisters were at one of Paderewski's concerts, and as he came onto the platform a woman behind them said in a loud whisper, "Isn't he beautiful? I hear he's going to marry Melba."

But alas! Paderewski never asked me to marry him. Perhaps, if he reads this story, he will wish that he had done so.

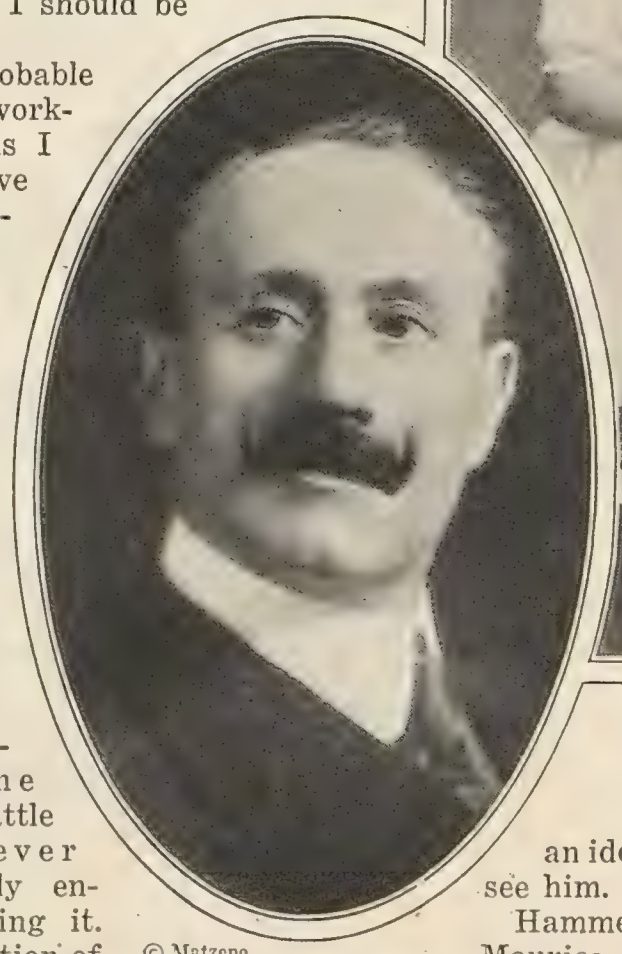
I warn him that he would have been accepted on the spot!

My visits to Marlow were in the nature of brief respites in a life that was becoming every year more arduous. I had now been working continuously for nearly twenty years (I am taking the reader with me toward the end of 1906), and I thought that unless I soon had a little peace and quiet I should be worn out.

© Speaight, Ltd.

Madame Melba, with her grandchild, as she appeared during her second Australian tour.

It is only too probable that if I had stopped working for a few months I should very soon have been chafing with restless energy to be at it again. But the fact remains that when I went to Paris in 1906 for the autumn season I had at least made up my mind that I should not visit America for at least a year and that I should cut down my work in Europe to a minimum.



© Matzene

Cleofonte Campanini, who was conductor at the Manhattan Opera House when Melba sang there in 1906-7.

And yet, in December, I was to find myself engaged in the biggest operatic battle that America has ever known, and not only engaged in it but loving it. What was the explanation of the change? The explanation was the dogged determination of that most American of Americans, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein — the only man who ever made me change my mind.

One day when I was in my flat in Paris, thinking what fun I was going to have in my coming season, Mr. Hammerstein called. I had an idea of what he wanted and I wouldn't see him.

Hammerstein went straight off to Mr. Maurice Grau, who, sad to say, was very ill at the time, and persuaded Grau to give him a letter to me. In view of the letter I felt obliged to give him an appointment. But I kept on saying to myself, "I'm not going to America. I'm not going to America."

When Hammerstein arrived my first impression was of a determined man of Jewish persuasion, shortish, thin, and dark, with piercing black eyes. He carried a top hat with a very wide brim in his hand, and he addressed me in a strong American accent. Here is the conversation:

Hammerstein—"I'm out to do the big thing in opera. I am building the biggest and finest opera house in the world. And I can't do without you."

Myself—"In what way do you want me to help you?"

Hammerstein—"I want you to come and sing."

Myself—"I'm very sorry, but I have no in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MADAME MELBA'S memoirs thus far have covered the period from her childhood in Australia and her early efforts to get a hearing in London and Paris, to the season of 1904, when, at the height of her operatic fame, she took a little house at Marlow, near London. Last week's installment closed with an anecdote of Paderewski—how the great pianist went boating with her on the Thames in a silk hat and frock coat, to the great amusement of small boys along the banks.

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[MELBA'S MEMOIRS Continued from Page Forty-nine]

tention of going to New York next year."

Hammerstein—"I can't do without you."

Myself—"That's a great pity, because I'm not going."

Hammerstein—"I shall give you fifteen hundred dollars a night."

Myself—"Please don't discuss terms, Mr. Hammerstein, because I assure you that it is useless."

Hammerstein—"Oh, you'll come all right. [A pause.] What do you say to two thousand?"

Myself—"If you offer me twenty thousand I shall still say the same thing."

Hammerstein—"It'll be the biggest thing you have done yet. Oscar Hammerstein says so."

Myself—"And Nellie Melba says 'No.' I have no intention of going. Good-morning, Mr. Hammerstein."

HAD anybody else been so importunate I should probably have been very angry. But there was a naive determination about Mr. Hammerstein which appealed to my own character. He knew what he wanted and did not hesitate to say so. We therefore parted good friends, and I regarded the matter as closed.

Not so Mr. Hammerstein. At intervals of six days during the next month he either called, wrote notes, or telephoned, always prefacing his remarks with, "Now that you have decided to come to America . . ." I merely sat tight and set my lips.

On one occasion, I remember, he obtained an entry into my rooms while I was in my bath. Not in the least deterred, he came and battered at the door.

Hammerstein—"Are you coming to America?"

Myself (between splashes)—"No!"

Hammerstein—"I'll give you two thousand five hundred a night."

Myself—"Not for ten times the money."

Hammerstein—"And you can sing as many nights as you like."

Myself—"Go away."

Shortly after that Mr. Hammerstein decided upon his Napoleonic coup. I had just breakfasted and was sitting down, reading *Le Figaro*, when he burst into my rooms in a great hurry.

Hammerstein—"It's all settled. You're to have three thousand dollars a night."

Myself—"But I've told you a hundred times——"

Hammerstein (interrupting)—"Never mind about that. Three thousand dollars a night, and you open in Traviata."

Here, to my astonishment, he drew from his pocket a bundle of thousand-franc notes and began scattering them over the floor like cards until the carpet was littered with them. I was so surprised that I could say or do nothing, and before I could call him back he had swept out of the room like a whirlwind, crying that he had to catch his train and had no time to wait.

I picked up the notes, smiling quietly, and found that, in all, he had strewn my carpet with one hundred thousand francs. Today it may not sound such a very vast sum, but then it meant four thousand pounds. And even nowadays one does not go strewing thousands of pounds on people's carpets.

I took the notes at the earliest possible opportunity to the Rothschild Bank, telling them that they were not mine and that they must be kept safely until Mr. Hammerstein called for them.

However, he did not call for them. Instead he called once again for me, in the early morning.

Hammerstein—"Well, and so you've made up your mind at last! Didn't Oscar Hammerstein say you would?"

Myself—"He did, and Oscar Hammerstein was wrong. As I have told you before, I am *not* going to America."

Hammerstein—"Oh, yes, you are; you've got the money."

Myself—"The money is in the bank. It has nothing to do with me."

Hammerstein—"Was there ever such a woman! Still, you'll come. Mark my words."

For once, in a way, Mr. Hammerstein was right. I went to America for him, nor did I ever regret doing so. For not only was I to experience one of the most brilliant epochs in my career but I was to know the exhilaration of battles, rivalry, difficulties galore. And I love a good fight.

BATTLE was in the air when in December, 1906, I arrived in America. I had realized before I left England that there were stormy times ahead. Hammerstein had sent me a sheaf of cables, and the whole trend of them was to show me that we were in for a fight. After all, this was natural enough. For decades the Metropolitan Opera House had stood unchallenged. Like a lodestar, it had attracted all the great artists of the past. It had had no rival—in fact, it might almost be described as a national institution. And now a new opera house had sprung into being.

It was already, after only a few weeks of existence, on the verge of collapse. Candid friends in America had cabled me, time and again, that it would be madness for me to come out and associate myself with such an obvious failure. The receipts had fallen until it seemed a certainty that the great financiers of New York, whose interests were so largely bound up with that of the old house, had won.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

Should I be able to win through? Should I be strong enough to draw away some of the massed forces of the Metropolitan, or would the great opera public of America keep faithful to their old home? That remained to be seen.

As soon as I stepped out of the ship, sniffing with delight the clean, sparkling air which seems peculiar to New York, a swarm of reporters descended on me. Every paper in the States seemed to be represented, and the babel of tongues was indescribable.

DID I realize that most people said I was about to ruin my career in America?

Had I any surprises up my sleeve?

How much was I being paid to sing for Hammerstein?

How many times a week should I sing?

Was I singing for Hammerstein because he paid me more than the Metropolitan?

Did I know that the Metropolitan authorities were furious at my impudence?

© Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. Ogden Mills, New York society leader, who came to congratulate Melba on her decision to sing under Oscar Hammerstein.

To all these questions I merely replied that I knew nothing, that I was simply going to sing; that if people wanted to hear me they would come, and if they did not they would stay away. It made no sort of difference to me whether I sung in the Metropolitan, the Manhattan, or a barn. As for anybody being furious, that was ridiculous.

I found the same air of excitement waiting for me at my hotel. One of my first visitors was the late Mrs. Jack Gardner, who ran into my room, holding out her hands.

"My dear," she said, "we're all thrilled, and the Metropolitan are beside themselves with rage. However, they're massing all their available forces against you," and here she mentioned the names of some other stars who were singing for "the old firm."

Another visitor was Mrs. Ogden Mills, who seemed even more excited over the battle than myself. She told me that New York society was talking of nothing else but the coming war and that my first night promised to be one of the most remarkable in the whole history of the American stage.

Meanwhile down at the theater all was pandemonium. For some reason or other work had got very behindhand, and the day before my opening performance it looked as though we should not be able to open at all. Half the chairs in the stalls had not been fixed up. They were arriving in vans all the time the rehearsal was in progress, and I had to sing Traviata to the accompaniment of a perpetual storm of hammers. I left that theater with a sinking heart. Should we ever pull through?

The day of the first night arrived. My telephone rang so incessantly that I eventually took off the receiver and told my maid to cover the bell of my front door with wadding. Finally, as I could get no peace, I went for a long drive on the Hudson Drive and came back feeling fresh and ready for the worst—or the best.

Poor Hammerstein! I shall never forget his look of agitation and fatigue as he met me at the stage door. He had, a few weeks previously, fallen out of a box during a rehearsal, into the stalls, and sustained a severe concussion, from which it took him a long time to recover. In fact, he was never quite the same again. Tonight he was trembling with emotion.

© Mishkin Studio

Oscar Hammerstein, the stormy petrel of American opera. Melba shared in his battle with the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

"Every seat's sold," he said. "By Jove! I'm going to win out."

I felt so moved that I could only shake him by the hand. He looked at me anxiously. "For God's sake, keep well, won't you?"

I laughed. "I'll do my darndest," I said. "Angels can't do more."

"Come on the stage and listen to them," said Hammerstein impulsively.

I followed him and heard a dull roar of conversation, that sort of roar which tells of a packed house and sends the blood coursing quickly through an artist's veins. When I went to my dressing room and started to make up I noticed that my hands, too, were trembling. But it was not from fright. It was from sheer exhilaration. Or, I wonder again, was it?

The orchestra struck up the overture, the curtain rose, and from my position in the wings I could see many familiar faces that were pillars of the Metropolitan. They had deserted their old home to hear me. Very well, I should sing as I had never sung before. I stepped onto the stage, and, contrary to all operatic custom, a storm of applause burst out like a clap of thunder. Silence again, and I heard my voice ring out. In thirty seconds—I must say it, though it may sound boastful—I knew that I had won. The rest of the performance was one long triumph, and when it was over and I stepped through the corridors, still full of massed bouquets, I felt the emotions which Cecil Rhodes described to me as the supreme sensation of life—power!

Perhaps you may think that I was unduly harsh with the Metropolitan. I do not think so. If there was to be a battle, throughout this struggle I felt that I was fighting not only for myself but for the freedom of the artist.

© Aime Dupont

Giulio Ricordi, who owned the copyright to the music of La Boheme and threatened all sorts of things if Melba dared sing the role of Mimi at the Manhattan Opera House.

Maurice Grau, who introduced Hammerstein to Melba and thus paved the way for her association with the Manhattan venture. Grau himself had been manager of the Metropolitan for twelve years.

If I had been one of the regular staff of the Metropolitan I should have had to sing when and where they wanted. My roles would have been dictated. I should have been at their beck and call. No artist gives her best under those conditions. I said to myself, "I am Melba. I shall sing when and where I like, and I shall sing in my own way."

It may sound arrogant, but arrogance of that sort is not a bad way to get things done.

AFTER the first performance it was evident that we had succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. On the Melba nights the gaps among the Metropolitan audiences were so great that it seemed as though they would be forced to do something desperate. In fact, some of the directors of the Metropolitan called on me, at my flat, and very charming, gallant American gentlemen they were, and one of them, acting as spokesman, said:

"Why don't you come and direct the Metropolitan for us, Madame?"

It was said in a laughing way, but perhaps there was more than mere jest in it. At any rate, I roared with laughter and refused the proffered honor. Had I accepted it I am quite certain that I should not have been alive today.

Victory did not come at all easily to us. If I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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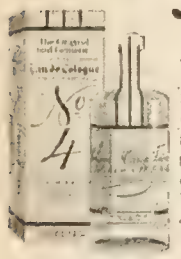

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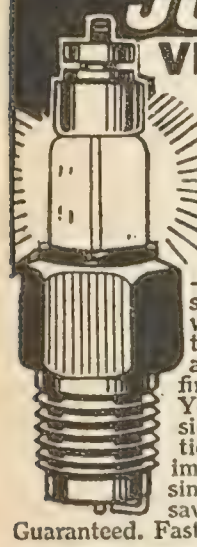

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[MELBA'S MEMOIRS Continued from Page Fifty-one]

attempted to describe all the difficulties, these memoirs would never be written. One of them, however, is typical.

We determined to do La Boheme. Puccini's finest opera has always been one of my favorites, containing, as it does, so many exquisite opportunities for *bel canto*. However, we could not get the music, because it was possessed by the Metropolitan, and in some roundabout way they also possessed, I believe, certain rights of production.

Hammerstein came round to see me.

"What's this about doing Boheme?" he said.

I told him that I was longing to do it. "It's one of my favorite roles," I said. "But how can we get round the Metropolitan? How can we get the music?"

"Leave that to me," said Hammerstein. "I may have to go to Italy for it. I may have to fly to the moon for it. But I'll get it."

AND he did get it, by what mysterious influences I never discovered. We were in transports of joy until there suddenly arrived another difficulty: Campanini, the conductor, would not conduct it, although he was perfectly willing to rehearse it. He had scruples, had Campanini. He was also afraid of Ricordi, the music publisher, who was running around New York, in company with others, threatening lawsuits if we gave Boheme. In addition to which quantities of anonymous letters were constantly arriving for myself, threatening the direst perils if I appeared as *Mimi*.

However, eventually we triumphed over his scruples, we held rehearsals in camera, writing in some of the minor orchestral phrases which were missing, and we gave one of the best performances of Boheme in which it has ever been my privilege to sing.

It was now that I really started to take gramophones seriously. I say "seriously" because my first experiments in this direction were disastrous.

But the gramophone people (with whom the Victor Talking Machine Company was now associated) persisted. Never have I known such courtesy combined with such persuasion. They simply would not leave me alone. They said that no great artist, with the exception of Tamagno, had ever sung for the gramophone, and that if I would only give them another chance, with their greatly improved apparatus, they were sure that I would be delighted.

I did, and I was. I have always been one for "having a shot at things," and I am glad that I had a shot at this. I was no longer ashamed of my records. I was delighted with them. And I think you ought to know something of the manner in which they were made.

The headquarters of the company were at Camden, New Jersey, and there, on the first occasion, in a little room barred from all outside sounds, I went through one of the most trying ordeals of my career. You who sit back by your firesides, listening in tranquillity to our songs and our arias and imagining that they were sung without nervousness, without any of the tremors that a great audience inspires, have little idea that to sing to the gramophone is, in reality, one of the most nerve-racking ordeals.

Let us suppose that I am making a record with an *obbligato* of flute and a piano accompaniment. I stand against the wall, in front of a hole which I know to be the thin end of a trumpet leading to the recording apparatus. This apparatus is in the adjoining room, so that all I can see of the work is glimpsed through the tiny hole. In my own room a tube ending in a trumpet hangs over my piano, not unlike some complicated piece of surgical machinery.

We get ready to sing, the flutist coming as close to me as possible without actually treading on my toes. I glare fixedly at the tiny hole. "Buzz!" goes an instrument in the adjoining room. That means "Stand by." "Buzz! buzz!" That is for "Get ready." "Buzz! buzz! buzz!" that is the signal for beginning.

A slight whirring noise comes from the other room, the pianist starts to play, the flute blows in my ear, and I begin to sing. There is no audience to cheer me on, only the sight of a little square window. But there is, in my mind's eye, an audience far greater than that of any operatic hall, and I know that if I make the slightest mistake, the faintest error in breathing, there it will remain, mercilessly reproduced, to all eternity.

WHAT makes the whole thing even worse is the unusual "technique" which it is necessary to observe in making every record. For example, one must lean right back when taking a top note, or the record will jar, and at the end one must stand rigidly still and silent until the signal comes to "stand at ease."

I shall never forget that once, after making what I believe would have been the most beautiful record, I stumbled backward over a chair, and said "damn" in an all too audible voice. That "damn," when the record was played over, came out with a terrible clarity, making me feel much as a sinner would do on the day of judgment.

No. Singing for the gramophone could not be described as a rest cure.

One of the most curious features which the gramophone brought into my life was a succession of marriage proposals from people who had heard my records but who had never even seen me.

A very original proposal that came to me about this time was from an American financier, much older than I was, who suddenly took me aside at a party and said: "Madame Melba, I think you'd make a very good wife for me. I should also make a very good husband for you. And I've got one of the fastest yachts in the world."

ONE of the most persistent and also most alarming admirers I have ever met thrust himself upon my attention in Milan when I had just made my debut at La Scala.

He was a young man, bearing a great Italian name, and I can see him as I write, standing outside my dressing room, with fiery eyes fixed upon me with an expression that made me feel I should not like to be left alone with him for long.

I may or may not be right, but I should diagnose his case, in view of his amazing behavior afterwards, as one of footlights love. Everybody was talking about me at the time in Milan. They cried "*Eccola, La Melba*" as I passed by in the street; they bombarded me with flowers after each performance; and this young man evidently thought how marvelous it would be to have his name coupled with that of the idol of the day, and, thinking so, fell in love.

I went to Venice to get rid of him. But he followed me there. He waited in arches of the piazza, in the narrow street outside my hotel; he even took to finding out where my gondola was lying, getting into it, and hiding in the bottom, to my intense alarm. And one day he took out a mother of pearl pistol, vowing he would blow his brains out if I did not return his attentions. Luckily I seized the pistol in time and secreted it in my bag.

In view of what had happened, my surprise and anger may be judged when one day I received in my hotel a visit from a dark, scowling man, who announced himself brusquely as the uncle of ————, and upbraided me for leading his nephew astray.

"Leading him astray!" I cried. "I like that. I would give a great deal to get rid of him."

He refused to believe me. "I have great power in Venice," he said, "and unless you leave him alone I shall take steps to make you do so."

How absurd!

In the next installment of her memoirs, to appear next week, Madame Melba will tell of a tour through the wilds of Australia and of meeting Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Northcliffe, and other notables.

Has a Husband Any Rights?

Here's News of a Devoted Band That Is Going to See if Anything Can Be Done About Finding Out

By
DEEMS LARKIN

Picture by J. J. GOULD

I AM a married man. I dare sign my name to this, which proves my sincerity. Having been married more than twenty-six years, having survived at least a score of crises that would have driven other men to the divorce court, and, having won one argument from my wife out of thousands, I feel myself qualified to act as spokesman for the married men of America.

I am now engaged in organizing the Brotherhood of Married Men of America.

Griffin, my neighbor down the street, has agreed to join, although begging me, for Heaven's sake, not to mention it to his wife. Blakey, over in the next block, says I am right, and that he'd join in a minute, only his wife makes him account for every second of his time. At least a dozen widowers to whom I have broached the subject have agreed that my platform embodies all the aspirations of subjugated married men.

Our platform, which is not entirely completed, is as follows:

Two hooks in each closet for the husband's use.

One small and one large bureau drawer for the exclusive use of the husband.

Undisturbed possession of the morning paper during breakfast.

The right to keep pipe cleaners handy on the library table.

Sanctity of the trousers pocket and private letters.

The inalienable right to let the whiskers grow on Sunday.

Abolition of the dress suit.

Griffin wants to incorporate a plank granting to husbands the use of one radio ear phone at stated hours. Davenport is in favor of one night out a month, with no questions asked, and Mollenix would include a plank forbidding wives from sniffing suspiciously when they kiss Friend Husband.

The approaching convention of the Brotherhood of Married Men, which has been called for next month, promises a lively fight over several planks. The Steering Committee, which is now actively engaged in preparing plans for the convention, is not yet decided whether it shall be held behind closed doors, or whether the delegates shall wear hoods and gowns if the ladies are admitted to the balcony. It is planned to avoid terrorism, espionage, and frightfulness, as far as possible.

This effort toward the emancipation of husbands is not a result of sudden unrest, but an attempt to secure by co-operative action and concerted demands those rights we married men have failed to secure through individual effort.

Should the movement succeed, married men, in due time, would be privileged to smoke a pipe in the house, and being detained at the office and arriving late for dinner would no longer be cause for a scene which might result in cause for divorce.

Basing her suspicions upon that extra five dollars a week, Mrs. Jenks charged that Jenks probably was harboring an affinity.

The George Washington of this revolution against the tyranny of the so-called better half really is Jenks—Hamilton Graham Judson Jenks, whose name shall go thundering down the ages and be honored wherever matrimony survives.

Jenks' boss presented him with a ten-dollar-a-week increase in salary on August 1. He reported at dinner that evening that he had received an increase and later carelessly tossed his wife a five-dollar bill. There are absolutely no grounds for her charge that he lied to her and for five months held out five dollars each week for extra spending money.

Mr. Jenks informed Mrs. Jenks that he had received an increase, as all good husbands should do. He gave her five dollars—and the fact that she accepted it and gave him a kiss of thanks proves that deception was not in his mind. The fact that Mrs. Jenks was glad to receive the extra five dollars, of course, convinced Jenks that she did not need any more. It was an equal division, and it enabled him to buy better cigars and to treat the boys on rare occasions, or perhaps to lunch at a better place.

Had the proposed platform of the brotherhood been in force and effect, such a misunderstanding would have been impossible, as the sanctity of the pocket and freedom from search and seizure would have prohibited Mrs. Jenks from finding his pay envelope, with the amount of the weekly wage written plainly upon it. But, basing her suspicions upon that extra five dollars a week, Mrs. Jenks charged (a) that Jenks probably was harboring an affinity, (b) that he probably was taking chorus girls to dinner every night, (c) that he was speculating in the stock market, (d) that he was gambling on horse races.

Had Jenks been a strong, forceful character, he would have boldly answered the charges by saying:

"Yes; I got that five-spot. I kept it. What are you going to do about it?"

But, chafing under the injustice of the charges, Jenks lost his temper and could not give a balanced account of what he had done with the money. The result was an unfortunate scene, which ended when Jenks slammed the back door and Mrs. Jenks locked herself in her room and has not spoken to him since, keeping her lips firmly pressed together and sighing deeply at intervals when he is in the house.

Jenks is beginning to weaken. He knows that Mrs. Jenks has written to her mother, and fears a visitation any day.

In our convention I plan to make the keynote speech and to include in it all the things I haven't said to the missus in the last twenty years. I am going to tell them about Woman's Rights—and explain to them that we should go on record as favoring an even break for women. Then I shall present the laws of each State and show them why we should favor equal rights.

Our convention is seeking an Abraham Lincoln who will free us and place us on an equality with bachelors.

Applications for membership may be addressed to me, and membership cards and copies of the platform will be sent to your office address—and not to your home.

THE END

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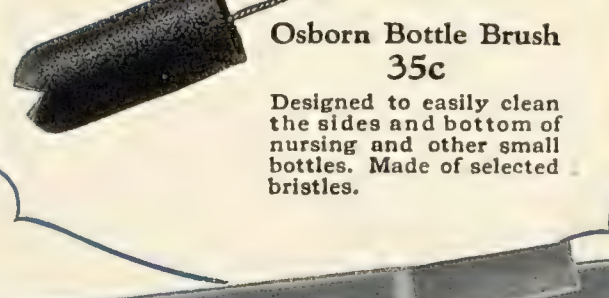

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GRAPHIC SECTION

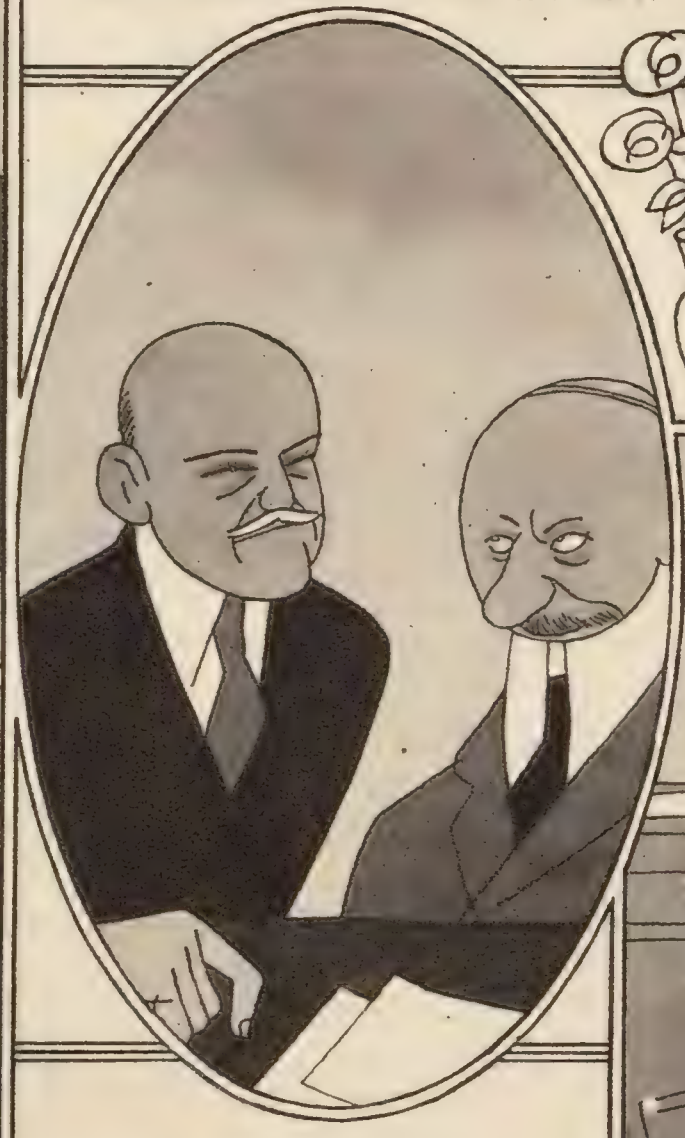
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

WHITE HOUSE EMPLOYEES move the wax figure of the President to the East Room for the New Year's Day reception. Since last June 6,167,469,237 visitors have shaken hands with the figure, which was installed to give the President time to do a little work.

TOUCHED BY GOVERNOR "MA" FERGUSON'S OFFER of $500 reward for the arrest of drinkers worth more than $5,000, Miguel Gonzalez, an eminent Dallas bootlegger, was also moved to do something for the poor. Our exclusive camera study shows Mr. Gonzalez distributing New Year's baskets in the poorer sections of Dallas.

CROSS-SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEW TYPE of architecture developed in France as a result of the threat to "tax everything," including personal belongings and household furnishings. M. Bottejambier, the Parisian architect, has taken well into consideration the French racial inability to endure taxation in this design for a 30-room chateau which will look like a workman's cottage to the assessor.



SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE Nicholas Longworth confers with Marcus Loew, famous theater owner and showman, on the advisability of charging admission to the House of Representatives, as do the other vaudeville houses in Washington. Mr. Loew is said to be considering a plan to put in moving pictures between the speeches and add the House to his circuit.

WAYNE B. WHEELER of the Anti-Saloon League takes up his post under a White House window to try to prevent the President from hearing the hateful sounds of the Liberty Bell as it is rung over the radio on New Year's Eve.

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

COBRA

Directed by Joseph Henaberry — Paramount Picture
From the Play by Martin Brown

THE CAST:

Count Rodrigo Torriani..*Rudolph Valentino*
Elsie Van Zile.....*Nita Naldi*
Jack Dorning.....*Casson Ferguson*
Mary Drake.....*Gertrude Olmstead*
Victor Minardi.....*Hector V. Sarno*
Rosa Minardi.....*Claire de Lorez*
Sophie Binner.....*Eileen Percy*
Mrs. Porter Palmer.....*Lillian Langdon*

COBRA will do Rudolph Valentino no permanent injury because in it he makes love ardently and slickly; neither will it add to his stature as a dramatic player, for the simple reason that it is a shoddy adaptation of a third-rate sex play.

Nita Naldi

Rudolph Valentino

On the stage in New York some two seasons ago, Miss Judith Anderson, who since has become a Belasco star, snaked her way through its three acts and came off an exciting, if not an admirable, spectacle. In the films, the only claim to distinction it possesses aside from the appearance in its cast of the rapidly developing Mr. Valentino is the appearance in its cast of Nita Naldi, the lady who tells you in the advertisements how to eat and grow thin.

Let us not be unjust. Let us go on and tell the whole truth by remarking that Miss Naldi has not exactly grown thin. And to close the incident in regard to her it may very truthfully be stated that she is the lady with the slanting, black, and piercing eyes who wants very much to be known as the vampire of the fillums. And maybe (who knows?) she is.

As I recall it, the outstanding feature of the stage version of Cobra was a gown worn by Miss Anderson. This article of feminine wearing apparel was of heavy white silk and seemed to be wound about its mistress ever so tightly, with precisely the proper space left on one side to permit one leg to reveal the full length of a not short silk stocking.

The dress, being thus wound about its mistress, did not exactly stop at revealing the leg. It was, to get away from the subject, considerably unlike in design and intent, the Mother Hubbard which was so much in vogue when I was a boy.

In the play, a hot-blooded young Italian is being chased by the wife of his business partner. The wife (Miss Naldi) is the symbolical cobra. One night she coaxes the lad into a hotel room, but he is alert; finally he frees himself from her embrace and goes home. Along toward morning (and here the drama begins) the hotel burns to the ground, and thus the woman who was known as the cobra winds up, to the satisfaction of all concerned, including myself, a wicked life.

Her husband marries his stenographer; Rudolph boards a steamship and sails for Italy. And what of it?

STAGE STRUCK

Directed by Alan Dwan — Paramount Picture
From a Story by Frank R. Adams

THE CAST:

Jennie Hagen.....*Gloria Swanson*
Orme Wilson.....*Lawrence Gray*
Lillian Lyons.....*Gertrude Astor*
Hilda Wagner.....*Marguerite Evans*
Buck.....*Ford Sterling*
Mrs. Wagner.....*Carrie Scott*
Mr. Wagner.....*Emil Hoch*
Soubrette.....*Margery Whittington*

THE comedy talent of Gloria Swanson, of which there cannot be the slightest doubt, flashes nicely in the foreground of this, her latest screen play, and therefore (for she ordinarily is most interesting when clowning) it is a picture worth driving to town to see. There are those, of course, who seem always eager to look patronizingly upon the possibility of this actress doing anything more than walk into the camera with a basement full of new pretties clinging to her shoulder, but those are the ones who still are likely to hang vaguely to the theory that the earth is flat and the airplane a silly dream.

Gloria Swanson

Ford Sterling

Miss Swanson has passed happily out of the era of restricting herself to an exposition of what the well-dressed woman should wear. It is true enough, her producers find it profitable and proper that now and then she should go back to the garment displays, but this is pardonable. After all, a man has the perfect right to keep on selling, when he likes, the brand of coffee the customers seem always ready to buy.

In Stage Struck Mr. Dwan has directed his star in a light, carefree little comedy in which Miss Swanson is a waitress in a ham-and-eggery. This frolicsome lady is not a little smitten upon the young man who flips pancakes in the restaurant window. How to win him for life is her most serious problem, and then one day she discovers his weakness is, principally, for good-looking and talented actresses. So that Gloria sets out to become one of those persons in the worst way. She gets a job in the traveling company on a show boat plying up and down the Ohio River, and it is here that most of the fun of the piece has its locale.

In time, the struggling actress rises in her profession, finally reaching a point of success which so frightens her steady, the flapjack tosser, that he extracts her from the clutches of the drama and together they settle down upon a peaceful, nonprofessional existence, far away from the footlights and the grease paint.

This is, too, a picture bringing Mr. Lawrence Gray forward as an acceptable leading man. The settings, as arranged by Mr. Dwan, and the local color, particularly at the show-boat stage of the proceeding, are nicely managed.

A much-better-than-average film comedy, with Miss Swanson in one of the best characterizations of her long and, to me, generally interesting, career.

SPORTING LIFE

Directed by Maurice Tourneur — Universal Picture
From a Play by Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks

THE CAST:

Lord Woodstock.....*Bert Lytell*
Nora Cavanaugh.....*Marion Nixon*
Olive Carteret.....*Paulette Duval*
Phillips.....*Cyril Chadwick*
Joe Lee.....*Charles Delaney*
Dan Critten.....*George Siegmann*
Chorus Girl.....*Ena Gregory*
Cavanaugh.....*Oliver Eckhard*

THE good directorial taste of Maurice Tourneur is pitted against the bad acting of Bert Lytell in Sporting Life, the result being nothing to write home about. About as much as may be said with a clear conscience about it is that it is a sterling example of "action" in the movies, its various movements carrying it almost throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain, beginning with intimate views of a defunct musical comedy in London, proceeding through the racing season at Epsom Downs and winding up with a whirlwind prize fight in which the hero strips from evening dress to running trunks and, after numerous rounds of extremely realistic combat, knocks out his man and marries a poor little girl.

Marion Nixon

Bert Lytell

Mr. Lytell has had as much practice before the Kleig lights over a period of the last ten years as the best of them, and still he remains a gentleman bent upon the old formula of tearing himself limb from limb in order to express the emotion of, say, surprise. In Sporting Life he is required to be a gay young nobleman pretty continuously on the move, so that his customary method of broad stroking and facial acrobatics is given play sufficient to keep him leaping about over the stage, shaking his head, not unlike a young and unbroken steer which wants very much to have its picture taken. Mr. Lytell is one of the last of the screen players who insist upon playing the old game of whole hog or none.

Here we discover Lord Woodstock celebrating (not mourning, mind you!) over the failure of a London musical comedy of which he is the backer. Among his guests there appears the villain of the story, a wolf in sheep's clothing, who secretly wishes the dashing young lord the worst of luck. This low person sets out then to wheedle Woodstock into one-sided wagers; later attempting to "fix" the races in his own favor; and later still conniving to dope a young pugilist whose success in the ring is the last faint hope of Woodstock's retaining anything atall of his fast-dwindling fortune.

Scarcely atall does Mr. Tourneur, a Frenchman skilled in the reproduction of beautifully lighted scenes, find the opportunity to extend himself, so swiftly do the episodes of this wandering picture pass. Still, there are a number of exquisitely photographed interior views. If you like interior views.

How Important Is the Camera Man?

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

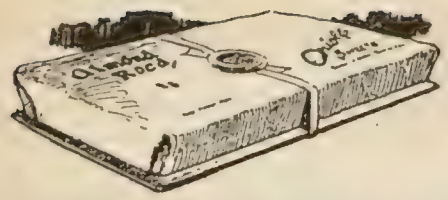
JACKIE COOGAN says he's his brother's favorite camera man. But his brother is too little to talk so we may have a new report later. One of our biggest stars refused to tell who hers was because she said she might get a man she hadn't mentioned as her photographer some time and he would probably seek revenge.

NORMA SHEARER says: "Camera men are more important to the star than any other individual. He can wreck a player by giving her bad lighting and poor camera angles. Percy Hilburn is my favorite photographer. He actually made a study of me before he once ground the camera upon me. He knew just where to put the light to make my hair look most attractive.

NORMA TALMADGE says: "I am sending you my picture with Antonio Gaudio, my favorite camera man. These are the very first pictures taken in the costume I will wear in the first part of Kiki." This will be the most difficult part Miss Talmadge has attempted. She should come out with flying colors.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

OLIVER W. MARSH (right), brother of Mae Marsh, is Mae Murray's favorite camera man. He photographed The Merry Widow, and her more recent picture, The Masked Bride. Mae Murray (in oval) thinks so much of his work she won't go to Germany to appear in UFA productions unless he goes along.



Almond Roca

for the New Year
—this captivating candy!

Hard candies—stuffed candies! Creams! Chocolates! Almond Roca! The Conventional Christmas included all but the last—only the favored few had *it*. Their friends will enjoy it over the New Year. It is such a captivating confection that nearly everyone who makes its acquaintance cannot wait to broadcast the discovery. We urge that you try it. The package price is a dollar and a half—and your money back if you know another confection its equal.

*Our distribution is in the here-and-there stage—Almond Roca is NOT available everywhere—not yet. If you experience difficulty in its discovery address us direct, naming the dealer who should distribute it.****
BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

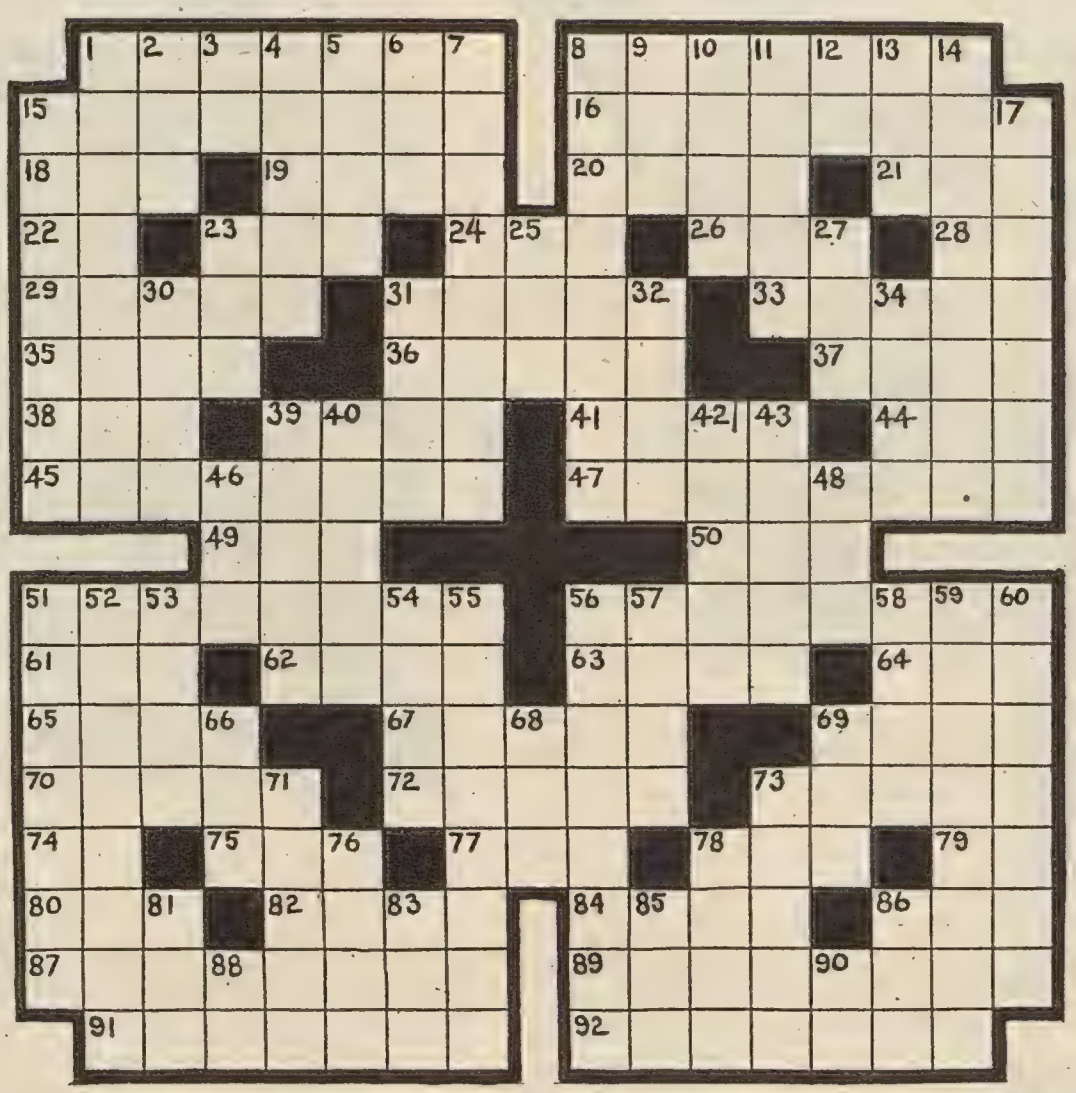
Almond Roca
—America's Finest Confection

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 49

"The King of France with twenty thousand men
Went up the hill, and then came down again."

HAVE you ever stopped to wonder why the King of France came down again? Historians have been puzzling about this for centuries. And now at last the reason has been found. The King of France had left his cross-word puzzle book at the bottom of the hill. Poor King!

In this week's puzzle you may run up against a few snags. In spite of the fact that distillation is a popular indoor sport today, who knows what "Apparatus used in distillation" (see Horizontal No. 45) is? You'd never guess it, so we'll tell you. It's an "alembic," and, as noted, there's more than one.



HORIZONTAL

1 Roof of the mouth (plu.)
8 A coloring and flavoring agent
15 A place of bliss
16 Pertaining to an oracle
18 A wing or winglike part
19 A ruminant
20 Series of boxes or the like, each put within the one next larger
21 Fury
22 The symbol for tantalum
23 A pronoun
24 A large tub
26 An unshorn sheep about one year old
28 Initials of a territory of the United States
29 The clear sky
31 Bathes
33 An East Indian coin
35 A wild beast
36 In respect to
37 Unit of linear measure
38 To lick up
39 An entrance or passage
41 Obligation
44 An American general
45 Apparatus used in distillation (plural)
47 Those who begin a course, as a race
49 Melody
50 One of the Tai race
51 Those who distribute in payment
56 Commandments
61 To row
62 The Assam silkworm
63 Military assistant
64 Allow
65 Instrument of the guitar type used in India
67 Oil obtained from a whale
69 Withered
70 Destitute of the power of motion
72 Dwarfs
73 An allotted part
74 Latin word for "and"
75 Demonstrative word
77 The Gaelic form of John
78 Course from one place to another
79 Metric measure of area
80 To tilt
82 The native name of Persia
84 A duck
86 Distinguished aviator
87 Scoffing
89 Detained
91 Plots of ground under cultivation
92 Tenants under leases

VERTICAL

1 Magnificent
2 A constellation
3 The "Creole" State (abbr.)
4 Viper
5 One of several rows, one above another
6 Suffix signifying inhabitant or language of a country
7 Subordinate helpers
8 Competes
9 A form of "to be"
10 Reckless
11 A doer
12 Letter of the Greek alphabet
13 A high priest of Israel
14 One in charge of a pantry or larder
15 The kneecap
17 Withdraws
23 Female fowl
25 Hail!
27 Steadying device, usually of rope or chain
30 To cherish desire with expectation
31 Secular
32 Proof reader's term
34 Pallid
39 Submit to
40 More dreadful
42 Made into large bundles
43 Part of a harness
46 To furnish with a force or crew
48 The nose of a golf club
51 A Russian governing body (plural)
52 Depiction of objects or scenes in color
53 Predatory bird
54 Ascend
55 Young trees
56 Pertaining to a father or mother
57 Margins
58 Pretense
59 Streets along the top of rising ground
60 Guided
66 Craft
68 Feminine proper name
69 Coy
71 Ordinal number
73 The transferring of property for a price (plu.)
76 A county in the State of New York
78 Hostilities
81 Edible seed
83 Feminine proper name
85 Prior
86 An avenging spirit
88 Syllable indicative of hesitation in speech
90 A point of the compass

Answer to Puzzle No. 48

M	A	S	K	S		T	O	T	E	M		E	N	A	C	T
I	R	A		D	I	A	L		F	A	C	T		B	A	R
S	I	L	T		M	U	L	A	T	T	O		R	I	G	A
S	A	T	R	A	P		A	S	S		M	A	I	D	E	N
P		S	I	L	L	Y		E		M	A	I	N	E		S
E	A		P	A	Y	E	E		S	E	E	R	S		I	F
A	R	I	L	S			L	A	P			S	E	N	S	E
K	I	T	E		A	M	E	N	I	T	Y		D	E	A	R
	S	E		D	R	A	G		D	U	E	L		E	G	
D	I	M	S		T	R	I	D	E	N	T		I	D	O	L
O	N	S	E	T			E	E	R			P	A	Y	N	E
O	G		L	O	T	U	S		S	T	R	U	M		S	G
R	O	D	O	R	S		F		B	U	L	B	S		A	
S	T	R	O	K	E		S	I	L		P	L	I	A	N	T
T	E	A	M		A	P	P	R	I	S	E		C	R	E	E
E	A	T		I	D	E	A		M	I	E	N		I	C	E
P	L	E	A	T		A	T	T	A	R		T	A	S	K	S

What Can YOUR Eyes Say?

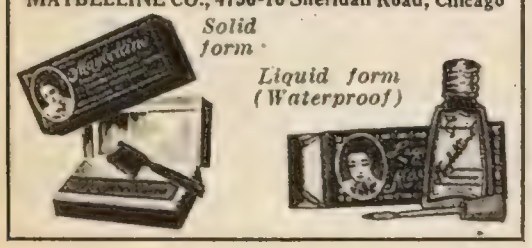
Can they talk as you want them to? Are they expressive at the times you like them to be?

Let them peer out from beneath lashes made to appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant by the great beauty aid,

You will be happily surprised at what new things your eyes can do. Get some Maybelline today: Solid form or the new waterproof, harmless Liquid form—

75c everywhere. Solid or Liquid. Black or Brown.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-10 Sheridan Road, Chicago



Solid form

Liquid form (Waterproof)

Something *NEW* for BOBBED HAIR

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

Meyer Both Company, maintaining the most widely known Commercial Art Studios in the World, offers you a practical training based upon 25 years' successful experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Many of the full page illustrations appearing in leading national magazines are drawn by Meyer Both artists. Our graduates are filling attractive positions in every section of the country. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School
Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspaper in your locality about us. Send 4c in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students and the unusual opportunity in this attractive and well paid profession.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 82
CHICAGO, ILL.

Exciting Entertainment for Everybody—Everywhere!

$400 *a* Week *for* Nut-Crackers

A FASCINATING CONTEST—

FOUR BIG CASH PRIZES!

HERE are more Nut-Cracker coupons, folks! If you haven't made your New Year's resolutions yet, better include one to get some of the big cash prizes offered each week! The coupons are worth $100 apiece to the lucky ones who send them in with the best last lines. And then we're going to publish the first winners next week, so order your copy of Liberty early. Everybody—everywhere can compete! Our Nut-Cracker contest furnishes profitable amusement for the entire family! If you haven't sent in any of these busy little money-getters, we'll explain that all you have to do is to supply the missing word for the figures in each line of the Limericks printed in the coupons, then write a last line (making five lines in all), so that it rhymes with the first two lines. Just to give you a start we'll say that the (3) in the first line of Coupon No. 1 means a word of three letters, which is "are." That's the way you do it, just supply the words in each line that are represented by figures. Also be sure that your last line rhymes with "state" and "late," the words ending the first two lines. There are a number of words that will rhyme well; for instance, pate, mate, gate, agitate, skate, ingrate, etc. You do not have to send in Coupon No. 1 first. If you do not wish to submit all of them pick out the one for which you can write a good rhyming last line and send it in alone. Mail your coupons to the address given below, but do so before midnight, January 9, which is the dead line for this week's Nut-Crackers.

HERE ARE THE RULES

EACH week Liberty will print the first four lines of four Limericks. In each of the four printed lines one word will be omitted. This word will be indicated by a figure in parenthesis, thus: (3) or (5) or some other figure. Contestants must supply a suitable word of the number of letters indicated by the figures in parenthesis. Example: (4) will mean that a word of four letters must be filled in. Any appropriate words may be used. Then write your own last line to complete the Nut-Cracker. For the best Limerick completed from each set of four lines printed $100 will be paid—or $400 weekly in all. The decision of the judges will be final, and no entries will be returned.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the entry you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. Limericks should be numbered either 1, 2, 3, or 4, when submitted on separate sheets of paper. Do not enter different Limericks on one sheet. You may, however, write the first four lines of any one Limerick on a sheet of paper and then add as many last lines thereto as you wish.

You may compete for one or more of the prizes each week.

Mail coupons to *Nut-Crackers*, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 2

As the ship ploughed her (3) ..... through the foam
And the orchestra (6) ..... Home, Sweet Home,
Said a girl, "If (4) ..... ocean
Don't behave (4) ..... less motion,

.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(January 2, 1926)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 3

Though he knew (4) ..... to steal was not right,
A tramp, cold and hungry, (3) ..... night
Swiped a pie made (2) .... beef,
But a dog caught (3) ..... thief.

.....

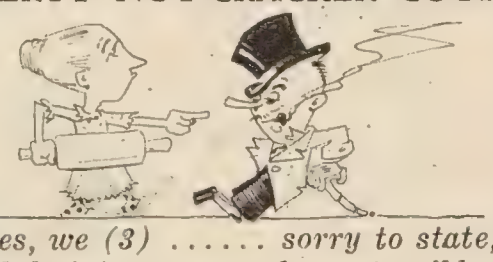
MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(January 2, 1926)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 1



Mister Jones, we (3) ..... sorry to state,
From his club (4) ..... home terribly late,
And his wife, who (3) ..... sore,
Met him at the (5) ..... door,

.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(January 2, 1926)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 4

A lawyer was oft (5) ..... to say
That a bachelor gay he (5) ..... stay,
But a girl's (3) ..... brown eyes
Made (3) ..... think otherwise,

.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(January 2, 1926)

Stunning Coats *Cover Gay* Evening Robes

White Velvet and Velveteen Ideal Materials for the Wrap

By
Mary Brush Williams

EVENING COAT of salmon-colored velvet (in the oval) trimmed in heavy white fox fur and smocking, which replaces the customary embroidery. By Nicole Groult.

THERE is a quality to white velvet that is high and pure and beautiful, like the star-lit snows of St. Moritz. Maybe it isn't very practical for everyday wear, you are answering, but that is another of its virtues. Like the quality of mercy, it is twice blest. It blesses her that wears and him that accompanies, lifting them out of the hard world of making a living up into the fairyland where everything is just right.

Now that it has been absolutely settled some time ago that every wardrobe must comprise an evening wrap, let's have it of white velvet; then that will be another step in advance. Only just the fewest number of years ago, you will remember, we Americans (as a nation) didn't seem to feel it necessary to support an evening wrap at all.

We would go out in Paris when we first arrived there, with ugly, dark traveling coats on over our delicate evening dresses. But only for the first few days, and then an evening wrap crept into our wardrobes.

A fur coat is the nearest approach that the evening should make with the day in the matter of costuming, and even then the American girls are overlooking a bet for putting up a beguiling appearance. Who should have evening wraps if not they, for no one becomes the entrancingly, regally feminine things more.

Suzanne Talbot has here offered a lovely, bizarre thing in white velvet, robbing alike for its inspiration the tailored mold of man's apparel and the loose, long lines of the East. In its s h i m m e r i n g white richness it makes a really theatrical effect, with its little tailored collar in a far, far contrast to its long, loose Japanese sleeves done in bright, colorful embroidery. It has a narrow, wrap round skirt which goes tightly over the hips with a low waistline in the back.

Our sophisticated, slim, young beauty becomes it, and I think when Suzanne Talbot designed it she had us in mind. Angel sleeves, I think they call them: Is it a joke? And, by the way, speaking of the refined qualities that belong to white velvet, one of them is that it costs fourteen dollars and a half a yard. Velveteen will do.

AT THE left is an evening dress of copper-colored lace and copper-colored velvet with decorations of bows and streamers. Next is another evening dress of bois de rose velvet. It consists of a long lace jumper, or tunic, over a circular velvet skirt, and a sleeveless velvet coat. The tunic is bound round the edges with the velvet. The third illustration is an evening coat of white velvet elaborately embroidered on sleeves and skirt in rose and blue and silver. It is characterized by long, loose angel sleeves and a narrow, wrap round skirt.

Another evening coat for those who abide by a more conservative outline is offered by Poiret's sister, Mme. Nicole Groult, who, with her French air and slim figure topped by a typical Parisian face, wears clothes so very well.

The model employs smocking as audaciously as if this were a licensed trimming for the grown-ups, whereas it is usually gracefully accorded to little children's clothes.

Here Madame Groult uses it after the manner that her brother rendered famous with embroidery, by making it follow along the line of the fur, which in the present case is a very luxuriant piece of white fox. The flat smocking flowing along the course of that bushy crop of fur round the bottom, and then again that flat, smocked yoke are the features that make the wrap so unusual. It is in velvet of salmon pink.

Accompanying these are two dresses that ought to go well under almost any evening wrap. Like the second coat, the dress by Drecoll, at the left in the panel, seems to go in for little girl things as trimmings. It abounds in ribbons hanging at intervals round the low skirtline, as well as one long bow from the neck. The dress is of copper-colored lace over copper-colored velvet. It is very low in the back, and I might add that it is very low in front as well. This is rather an unusual item for the moment, for designers have made a great deal of the contrast to be derived from unequal necklines, both in front and in back.

The center dress, below, has some of the distinguishing marks of the Callot sisters. The long lace blouse drawing closely over a circular skirt of velvet, but most of all, that sleeveless velvet jacket, with its long armholes, almost to the edge, stamp it for theirs.

Charming Frocks Made *from* Patricia Patterns

By PATRICIA

YOU'LL be amazed how easy it is to make the charming new styles shown on this page. Frocks are now being worn fifteen or sixteen inches from the ground. Sleeves are long, either flowing or tight fitting. Flare variations, front, side, and back, are the general rule.

A one-piece tailored dress should be included in every wardrobe, and the one shown in pattern No. 2500 is particularly interesting, with its inverted plaits either side of the front, which allows freedom of motion. Cheviots, worsteds, tweeds, or crepe satin would be appropriate. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch, with ⅜ yard of 48-inch contrasting material.

In pattern No. 2321 is shown a becoming dress for the school or business girl, fashioned of a bordered flannel. The border is used to good advantage in the sleeves, collar, and tie. The collar is convertible and may be worn closed. Bordered silks, satin crepe, kasha in ombre effects, homespuns, oxfords, or balbriggan would also be appropriate. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes only 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

A practical sleeping garment for girls or boys is shown in pattern No. 2244. Striped percale, chambray in pastel tints, or flannel is suggested for its practicability. Cuts in sizes 2 to 12 years. The 8-year size takes 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

For wee girls of 2, 4, 6, and 8 years a cunning pantee dress is expressed in pattern No. 2504. It cuts entirely in one piece. Only side seams to sew. Think of it! Several little dresses could be made in a single afternoon Dotted dimity, printed sateen, striped cotton broadcloth, or jersey, would be nice for playtime; taffeta for parties; velveteen for "best" in cold weather wear. The 8-year size takes 1¼ yards of 32-inch material, with 5½ yards binding.

A smart, practical frock for afternoon wear, with flare achieved in an unusual manner, is shown in pattern No. 2448. Striped faille silk, satin crepe, or sheen twill would be suitable. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 4 yards of 40-inch, with ⅝ yard of 18-inch contrasting material.

A fascinating new style, revealing the new back fullness in form of godets, the new shoulder line, and little upstanding collar that ends in a tie, is shown in pattern No. 2520. By omitting the godets a straight one-piece dress may be made. Mahogany-colored crepe Roma, black crepe satin, with the godets piped with pansy crepe satin, collar, tie, and pocket flaps of the pansy crepe or heavy crepe de Chine would be attractive for afternoon wear. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

PATTERN NO. SIZE PRICE

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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Resolved: To Eat to Live; *Not* to Live to Eat

By Ethel M. Somers

THE mother of a growing family can educate her family to a normal or a finicky appetite—she can train them to eat to live or conversely to live to eat. The proper feeding of your family is not a menial task, though the inevitableness of mealtime often makes it seem so—it is an enterprise!

Through your family table you are manufacturing health, vitality, and working power. Manufacturers in all other fields have increased the efficiency of their output through science. Scientific meal planning will aid you to build a family with greater possibilities—in health, vitality and happiness. Right eating accompanied by right living is known to prolong one's period of useful activity. Your opportunity to guide your family along the right lines is worthy of your best efforts and fortunately it is never too late to gain by right living.

Study these five keystones of health and include some food from each one of them in your daily diet.

Nearly all foods are deficient in some degree in one or more respects. Even milk, our most perfect food, lacks in iron and bulk. It requires other foods to supplement it. Meat, bread, and potato, though we add carrots and coffee to complete the meal, still makes an unbalanced menu, a whole winter of which would make one a good subject for spring tonics. Yet thousands of American families eat such diets with little or no green vegetables, not enough milk, and no raw fresh foods. Nervousness, irritability, and decreased efficiency follow. The misled anti-fat crusader aims to strike out sugars and fats from his diet entirely and in so doing does away with one of the keystones in the arch of health, though it is the least essential one.

It is necessary for best results that one always eat a physiologically complete diet, as one keystone fits into another—each being essential to the whole arch or structure. Meats, fish, eggs, and milk are required for their muscle building properties; sugars and starches for their energy elements; fruits and leafy vegetables for their building properties and energy units; milk and milk products for their protective capacity and calcium ingredient. A daily diet containing all five groups of food (illustrated herewith), fairly represented with particular emphasis on milk, fresh fruit, and leafy vegetables, will build health and vigor.

Eating is a most important business. It builds health or paves the way for sickness. Eating habits in modern times are commonly perverted. Attractive window displays, the handy delicatessen, and the bewildering multitude of possibilities have resulted in unnatural appetites founded on fancy. Our ancestors were a sturdy race of necessity as their primitive food markets provided only the natural, wholesome foods. Modern manufacturing and marketing methods make an ever widening market local and hence the necessity for studying food combinations and dietary essentials.

Modern diets, so statistics prove, provide too much sugar. One hundred years ago eleven pounds of sugar per person each year was consumed as compared to some eighty-five or ninety pounds now. Sugar is solely an energy food. It has no building properties, no minerals, and no protective food elements. Rightly used after a meal light in calories or before an athletic adventure it has no substitute, for it is quickly and easily digested and provides quantities of immediate energy. Wrongly used, sweets are health wreckers. Witness the child who has developed a craving for sweets and thereby lost his appreciation of natural food flavors. Lacking judgment he demands sweet foods even to the exclusion of all others. His future is markedly cramped. Unfortunately the ill effects do not appear until after the habit has been confirmed.

Sugar and candy are perhaps a child's greatest enemy. The later he learns to like them the better. Teach him to like the natural sweets—fruits, dried or fresh, for they have accompanying minerals and building elements.

The great diversity of tastes, age, and needs within the family group makes the family menu an entirely personal problem. Sets of planned well-balanced menus are not always helpful because of seasonal variations, market conditions, family likes and dislikes, extreme ranges in incomes, leftovers on hand, time to be spent in cooking and the like. It behooves each mother and housewife, therefore, to study and adapt modern nutritional knowledge, herself, within her own household. It is a most fascinating study.

Resolve today to study to eat to live in 1926. Train your family to sane and sensible food habits before it is too late.

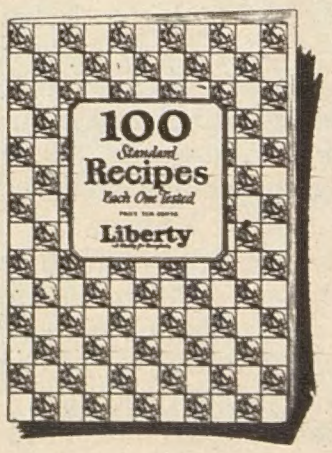
The accompanying set of resolutions will aid you in so doing.

Suggested (1926) Food Resolutions

RESOLVED:

TO EAT a physiologically complete diet—at least one food from each group every day.
To eat some raw fruit and leafy or fresh vegetable every day.
To use more milk, either as a beverage or milk dish.
To watch the scales and maintain normal weight.
To eat more natural sweets and fewer desserts and candies.
To follow strictly any diet necessary to counteract the effects of former food transgressions.
To study the business of eating and develop sane food habits.
To eat purposely some hard foods daily to exercise the teeth.
To chew foods thoroughly that the mouth may accomplish its work in digestion.
To do everything in my power to make the mealtime a pleasant time.

Get Your Copy Now!



100 Tested Recipes for 10 Cents!

In Liberty's new cook book, written expressly to save the busy housewife's time, you get the latest, best, and easiest methods known to cooking science.

Your favorite dishes—every recipe tested in the Liberty kitchen and sure to work out—a complete menu plan that ends the worry about "what to have tonight"—all these are yours for just ten cents.

Already thousands of housewives are using it, and are enthusiastic about it. Today—send the coupon and ten cents (in stamps or coin) for your copy!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your new cook book, One Hundred Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

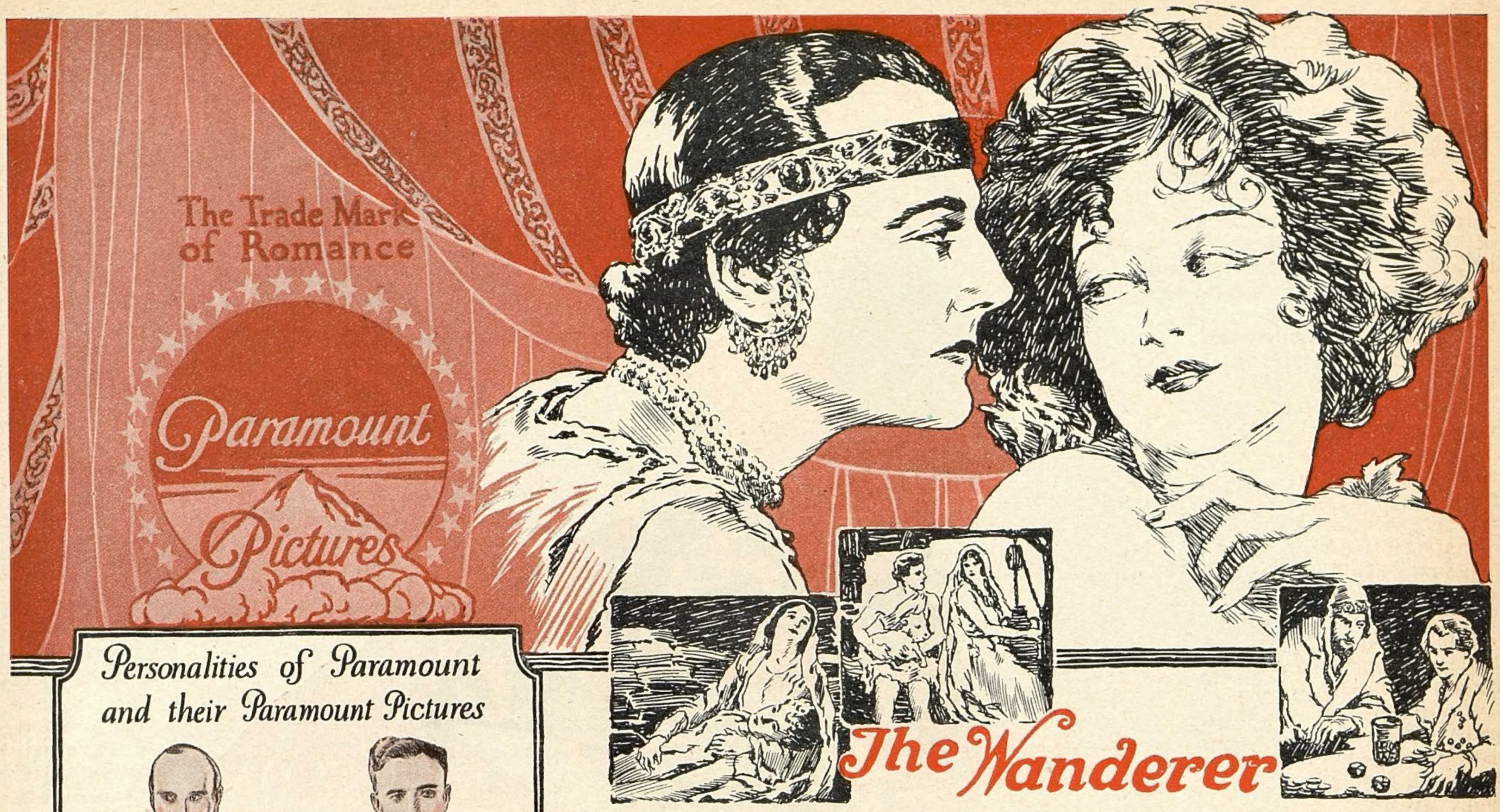
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME.....

STREET or R. F. D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

1-2-26



Personalities of Paramount and their Paramount Pictures

Ernest Torrence

—whose performance in The Covered Wagon as a Western Bad Man is excelled only by his Eastern Bad Man in The Wanderer, has a rare talent for roles of sardonic villainy. Other Paramount Pictures showing his art are: Night Life of New York and The Pony Express.

Raoul Walsh

—is the director of The Wanderer. He also made The Thief of Bagdad. These two pictures are a story of marvellous art in themselves, spectacles literally unique of their kind. Mr. Walsh's next Paramount Picture will be: The Lucky Lady.

Greta Nissen

—is a new star of extraordinary charm. See her as Tisha the siren, in The Wanderer, and you will realize that this enchantress has an art all her own. Her other Paramount Pictures are: Lost—A Wife, The King on Main Street, and The Lucky Lady.

Wm. Collier Jr.

—is The Wanderer. He shows you the innocent and his money and their early parting. Many a mother's heart will beat quicker for her son because of the way this character is played. See William Collier, Jr., in: The Devil's Cargo, Eve's Secret and The Lucky Lady.

Esther Ralston

—is a rising favorite. She made a great impression as Wendy's mother in Peter Pan, and as the innocent cause of family dissension in The Trouble with Wives. Her other Paramount Pictures are: The Lucky Devil, Womanhandled, and The American Venus.

Bebe Daniels

—is admired by a host of fans for the sunny happiness she brings to the screen, seeming not to act but simply to live the stories. Paramount Pictures starring her are: Wild, Wild Susan, Lovers in Quarantine, and Miss Brewster' Millions.

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, President
New York City

The Eternal Story of the Wandering Son

You see him leave home. You spend a fortune with him. Beautiful Greta Nissen, and Ernest Torrence as a shark of ancient days, take him, and you, to Babylon, and open the town with his fortune like an oyster.

Temptations no human being could resist, you see him fall for, and you hardly know whether to blame or envy, so nearly is the game worth the candle—until the dreadful bill of reckoning is presented, and then anyone can be wise—and you relax the dramatic spell thrown over you by the play, and tell yourself it is only a motion picture! But it is not, it is more, *and there are wanderers of 1926 who will see this* and have their eyes opened!

The scenes of life in ancient Babylon are as convincing as a certified check, and when the storm and the earthquake and the wrath of God flash upon the city you realize that none but an organization with resources as great as Paramount's could construct and destroy a city before your eyes for the simple betterment of one part of one plot of one Paramount Picture.

, , ,

Great as this picture is in its spectacular sweep across your vision and imagination, and great as The Vanishing American, The Ten Commandments, A Kiss for Cinderella, and other Paramount Pictures are, not one of them, nor all of them together, are as great as the name that stands behind them, which is the sign of the organization steadily blazing the way to better and better pictures.

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

CAROLINE: *Why wouldn't you dance with that tall man with the red domino?*

ELIZABETH: *The red domino didn't deceive me, my dear.*

Listerine used as a mouth-wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).